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JUNE, 1951

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 42 No. 6 JUNE, 1951

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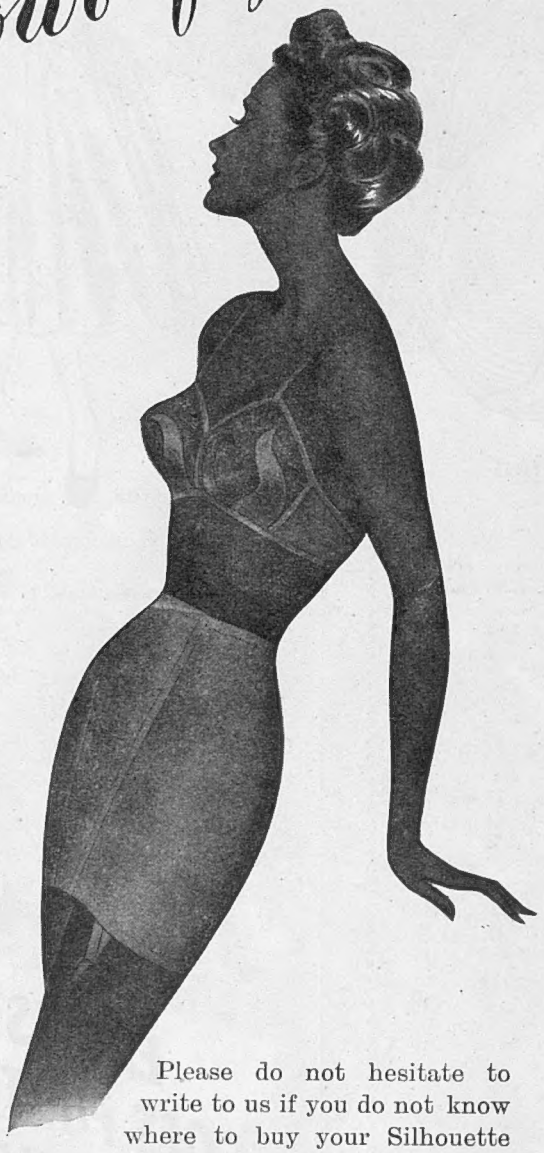

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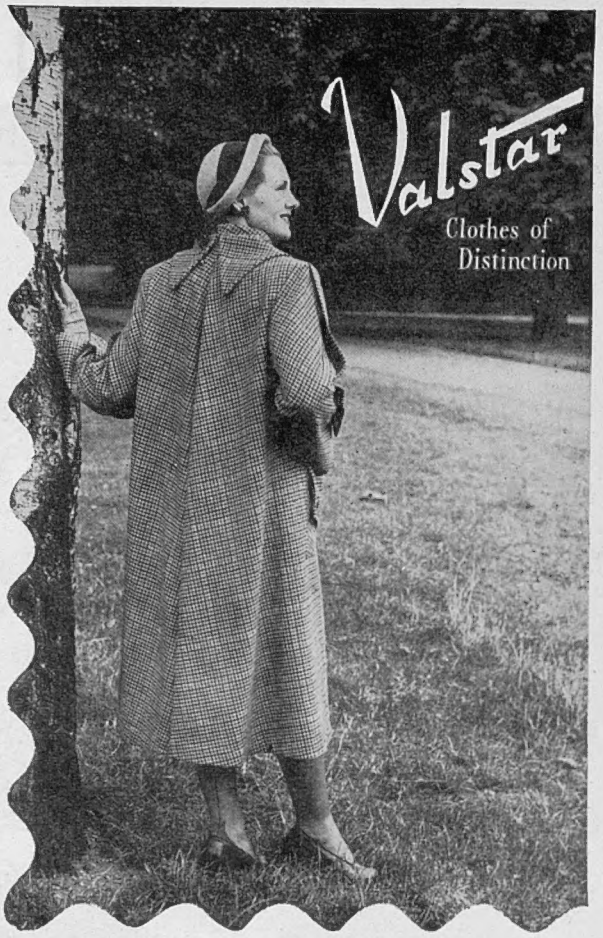

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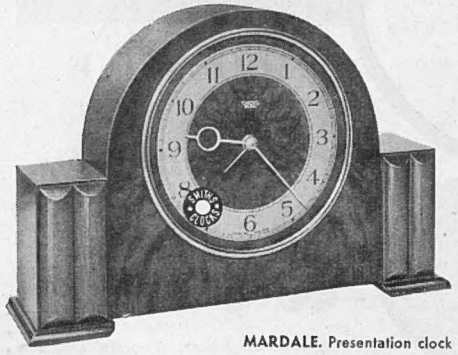

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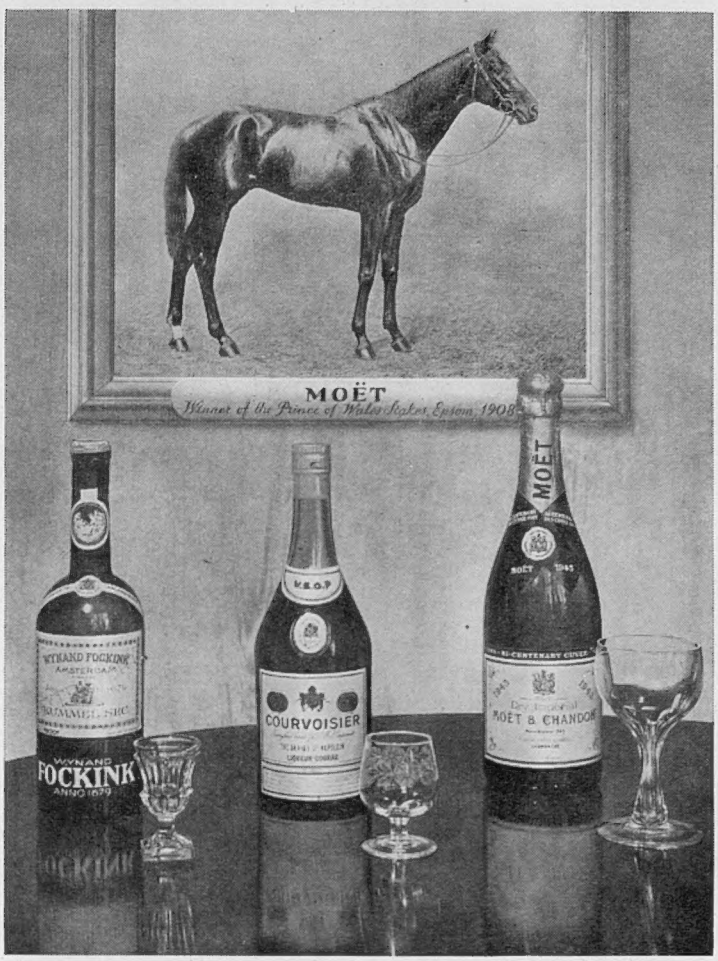

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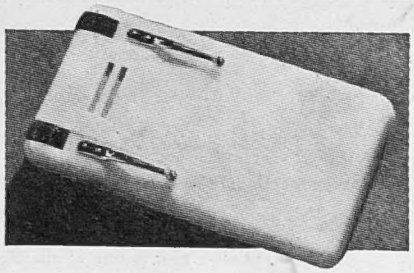

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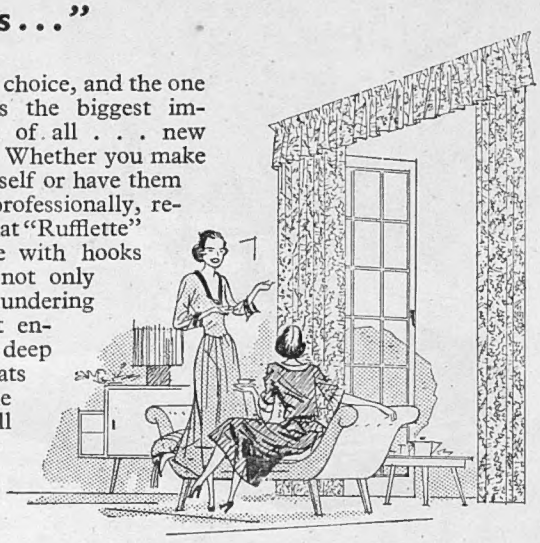

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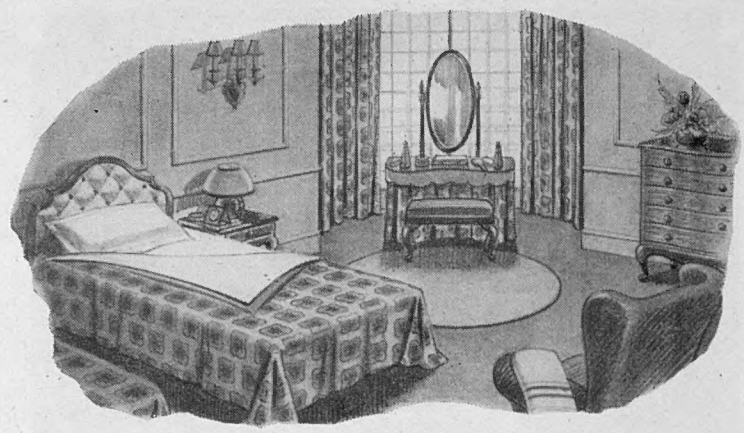

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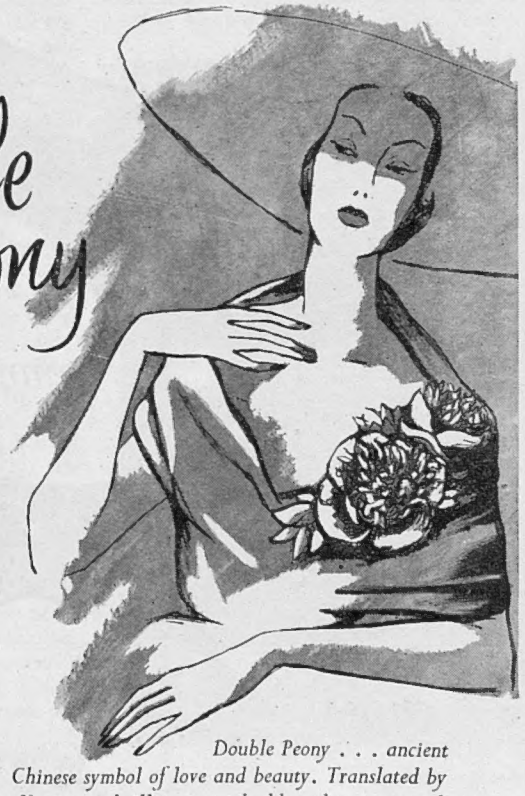

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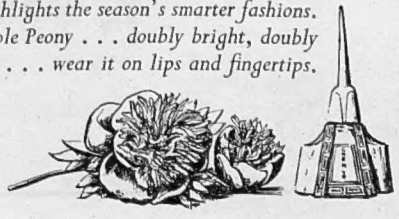

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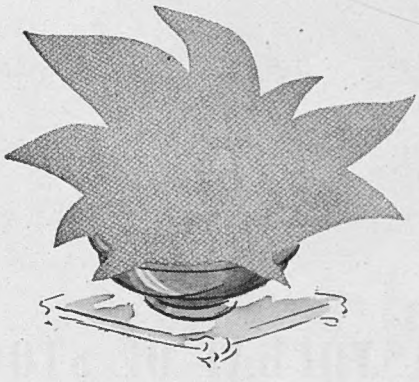

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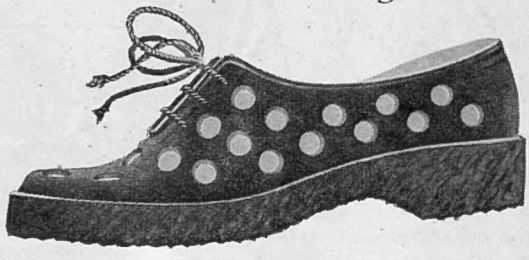
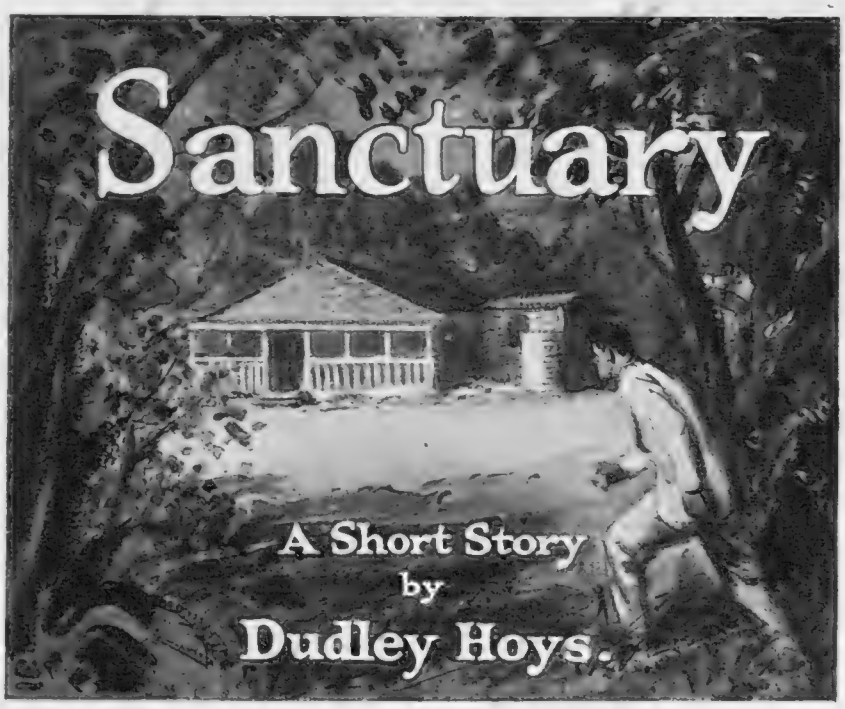


casual

"HusKees" *by* **Holmes** NORWICH

NORWICH FESTIVAL JUNE

Helen opened the window a little farther, and Lance scrambled through into the room. His drill suit had been stained and torn.



HARRY glanced out at the clearing around the bungalow and said: "This is the best time of the day."

Helen nodded. She was watching Lance, certain he would make some amusing and malicious comment. A glimmer showed in his restless brown eyes. He took a sip from his glass, put it down, and said:

"Oh, yes, for the lordly ones."

"For everybody," said Harry, a trifle stiffly.

Helen wanted to laugh. There was such contrast between these two. Harry looked what he was, the neat type of professional soldier, fair, square-shouldered, with a faint suggestion of the Sir Galahad redeeming him from the ordinary. Lance reminded her of an intelligent faun, except that his eyes could be too sardonic for such an innocent creature.

The shadows thrown by the fringe of the plantations were hardening. Against the greenery they were almost black. The glare had gone out of the evening sky. It was still warm and humid, but pleasant enough idling on this wide veranda, in the short silence that preceded Malayan dusk.

"It looks so peaceful," said Harry.

Lance's lip twisted. "It could be. All you have to do is to clear out, and let them run their own show."

Harry, who had the knack of flushing, turned very red.

"That's rubbish. A special correspondent like you ought to know better. They're bandits, that's all."

"If they won, they'd be called patriots."

Harry's head jerked round. "D'you approve of murder?" he asked bluntly. "Because that's what it is. Take the case of that ambushed planter last week. Those thugs that call themselves the Sons of Freedom——"

"That was an accident. They expected a police patrol."

"How d'you know?"

"Guesswork," said Lance blandly.

Helen sighed. "I hear enough of this from father. Can't you two talk about something else?"

"I could," said Lance, "but I'd have to be alone with you." The smile on his mobile lips might have meant anything.

That was the attraction about Lance. He was elusive, yet challenging. With him around, it was impossible to be dull. He said scandalous things, probably with the amused purpose of shocking people. There was a quality of quicksilver about him—and likely he was just as unstable.

Certainly he had shocked Harry with that last remark. Those neat features showed open disapproval, and again Helen wanted to laugh, though she felt sorry for him. In a way, his old-fashioned outlook was a change from modern slickness. When he proposed to her—and he obviously intended to—it would be a grave and courtly business. Lance, on the other hand, would probably grab her by the shoulders and say: "Well, what about it?"

The sky was turning to a deep violet. Somewhere at the back of the place one of the house-boys began to sing in a high, melancholy minor key. Suddenly the atmosphere was changed. With the going of the light, unease had crept in, the prelude to the whispering voice of the jungle.

Harry got up. "I'll have to be going."

"I, too, I suppose." Lance was grinning. "I shall feel safe under the protection of a captain of infantry."

"I can give you a lift as far as the camp." Harry's voice was remote.

"Thanks. For the other odd mile to the vast metropolis of Gaja I'll keep my fingers crossed."

There was a pause. Helen knew perfectly well that each felt the other was in the way. They had been thinking it for something like two months, ever since they had dropped into the habit of calling

on her for a sunset chat. And so far she had not been quite sure which one she preferred to encourage.

"Is your pater fit?" said Harry.

"Yes, and deep in the throes of making notes of what he's going to say to-morrow. He's off to Batu in the morning. Got a conference there. He'll be away for the night."

Harry's eyes widened in quick anxiety. "Is it safe here on your own?"

Lance made a scoffing sound. "They wouldn't touch her."

Harry flared up at that. "Those swine are capable of anything!"

"Don't worry about me," said Helen gently. "I know things are pretty bad these days. But Daddy's been here so long, they wouldn't bother us. And don't forget I was born out here. Somehow it makes a difference."

"You won't feel scared?"

She laughed cheerfully. "Heavens, no! The house-boys are absolutely reliable." She glanced from one to the other with twinkling provocation. "And whether the Sons of Freedom are thugs or saintly patriots, they won't interfere with us."

They went off together down the veranda steps, and she stood watching them until they had vanished into the shadowy evening. They were both charming, in exactly opposite ways. Harry would put her on a pedestal, and keep her there. Lance would treat her as a partner on his own level. But what exactly was his level?

"I wonder?" she asked herself, and turned back into the room.

This wondering had occupied her a lot lately. She was dallying with it the next evening, lounging on the veranda, a book on her knees, when a jeep came driving up at speed and Harry jumped out. He smiled at her in a taut way, and said: "Hullo. May I have a word with you?" Then he lowered his voice, and went on:

"There's something I want to say, for your ear only. It's a hush-hush job, but for your sake——"

"For my sake? Whatever's all this about?"

His voice went lower still. "The authorities have got wind of something. They're going to screen one or two villages to-night. I've got to take a strong patrol out that way." His hand waved in the direction of the rubber plantations. "They think some of the Sons of Freedom may be having a gathering."

Her oval face became grave. "I see."

"There may be trouble. So I thought I'd better tell you not to be alarmed if—if you hear anything unusual."

"Will there be any fighting?" she asked unhappily.

"I don't know. Possibly."

Impulsively she laid a hand on his arm. "Oh, do look after yourself."

His smile was boyish and adoring. "You bet I will!"

She said with deep feeling: "What a pity this all is. If only they could come to some terms, and let the country settle down."

"I don't see how they can come to terms with sheer bandits. Because that's what they are. Some of these sentimentalists of ours think otherwise. But they're wrong. That reminds me." His voice grew even more solemn. "That fellow Lance Arnold is doing himself a lot of harm."

"You mean——?"

"Yes, I do. The stuff he talks. It may be just a pose. He may be saying it simply to annoy me." He gave a slight laugh. "Perhaps that's it. I hope so, for his sake. But he ought to be more careful. Things are so sticky these days, they might easily kick him out of the country."

She said curiously: "Why are you telling me this?"

"Well, you rather like him, don't you?" he said awkwardly.

She thought: "Harry, you really are a very decent sort." Aloud she said: "Yes, in a way."

He said: "By the way he talks, anybody might think he supported the movement. Any sane man would be mad to touch it with a barge-pole. If he did, the consequences——" He shook his head grimly, then jumped to his feet. "Forgive me for bolting, Helen. I've got a lot to do."

Her eyes were soft as she waved to him. "Take care of yourself."

His news, she realised, had done something to her. It had made her discover that he mattered quite a lot. She found herself praying in a wordless, urgent fashion, that there might be no fighting to-night, that he might come to no harm. That, she argued, was no proof that she loved him. But it did mean that he was rather dear to her.

Sleep avoided her that night. For once, the silence somehow worried her. She caught herself listening to it. That was a mistake, because imagination could play tricks with harmless, normal sounds.

Between twelve and one she sat up abruptly in bed, her heart pounding. It was no trick of imagination, those distant, muffled cracks. Somewhere out there shots were being fired.

Her lips moved. "Oh, please keep him safe!" she whispered, "keep him safe!"

The sounds died away. Straining her ears, she sat there very still, and minute followed minute. There were the undertones of the night hush, but nothing more. She began to relax slowly.

Something moved on the veranda. Again she was tense. Then a voice muttered: "Helen, for God's sake let me in!"

It was Lance.

Bewildered, she jumped out of bed and ran to the window. She could see him crouching there beneath, in shadow.

"Lance! What on earth——?"

"Let me in!" he whispered urgently. "Don't show a light! Quick!"

She opened the window a little farther, and he scrambled through into the room. He was panting in a racked way. His drill suit had been stained and torn. His hair was dishevelled. Scratches on his hands were bleeding. Under the bright moonlight flooding the room his eyes glinted with panic.

She stared at him, and he said quickly: "You've got to hide me. You must. It's my one chance."

" I 'm terribly sorry, Helen," Harry said. " We 're after one of those swine. He 's hiding here somewhere." While he spoke his eyes gave her one swift glow of admiration

" What 's happened ? What have you been doing ? "

He made a queer, shaky gesture. " I didn't mean any harm. I only went because they 're under-dogs, and I sympathised with them. There was a lot of talking, and then, without any warning——"

" You mean," she said, her throat dry, " that you were with the Sons of Freedom ? "

He nodded sulkily. " We got surrounded, and there was firing on both sides, and we scattered. Most of them broke north into the jungle. Some of the troops are after me. Look."

He led her cautiously to the window. She could see movement on the far side of the clearing. Figures were emerging from the fringes of the trees. They were advancing in a line, and even at that distance she could recognise the leader as Harry.

Lance tugged at her arm and drew her back. " If I 'm caught," he said, with awful simplicity, " it means the end. Two of the troops were killed. Military law won't forgive that."

" Oh, Lance, you fool ! " Standing there, her dark hair about her shoulders, compassion in the blueness of her eyes, she could think of him only as a boy in dire need of help.

Looking at the floor, he said hoarsely : " They 'll search the place. They 're bound to."

" Then there 's only one thing." A strange calmness had come over her. " You must stay here in my room. Let 's hope

the house-boys haven't heard anything. They 're sure to question them."

He gave her a scared, furtive glance. " They 'll search this room, too. You 'll find that when he 's on duty he 's like ice."

He left a lot unsaid, but she guessed his meaning. For a second her whole soul rebelled against what he wanted her to do. But the dread in his face gave her no option.

She said : " Very well. I 'll fetch a pair of father's pyjamas. You get undressed and hide your clothes in that wardrobe drawer."

" You 're grand ! " he said huskily, as she went out of the room.

From her father's bedroom she had a wider view of the clearing. The approaching figures were close now. All of them carried Sten guns, except Harry, who had a revolver.

She went back, and tossed the pyjamas through the doorway.

" Get into bed. Leave the rest to me. If Harry insists on coming in here, I 'll do my best."

" You 're grand ! " he mumbled again.

Something hard was banging against the outer door. She went to open it. Harry seemed taller in the moonlight, and older, and the set of his mouth was frightening. Behind him were grouped men in uniform.

He said : " I 'm terribly sorry, Helen. We 're after one of those swine. He 's hiding here somewhere." While he spoke his eyes gave her one swift glow of admiration, and became hard again.

" You must be wrong. I 've been awake all the time. I heard the shots. If anybody had tried to creep in——"

There was no flaw in her acting. It was his own anxiety for her that made him say : " My dear, I 've got to search the place. These thugs are as silent as snakes—and as deadly," he added bitterly. " They 've killed two of my men."

Helen winced. He quite misunderstood and said : " Don't be afraid. I 'm keeping you with us until we 've combed every inch."

She moistened her lips. " All right. But I 'm sure you 're mistaken. I should have heard something."

He called to a sergeant, and the men were posted around the outside of the bungalow.

" We 'll check up on the house-boys first," said Harry.

With Harry on one side of her, and the sergeant on the other, she led them to the end of the building. The house-boys were awake, and chattering in a jittery manner. They answered questions, and salaamed humbly, and shook their heads. They knew nothing, nothing.

The actual search commenced. In his cold alertness, Harry might have been a stranger. Yet now and then he would suddenly smile at her with a sort of beseeching apology.

" This would happen," he said, " the one night your pater happens to be away. When I spotted that thug making in the direction of the bungalow, my heart was in my mouth."

" Have you any idea what he looks like ? "

" No. One figure in the moonlight at that range looks like any other."

They went from room to room. They were mercilessly thorough. If anything had to be moved, the sergeant did it, while Harry waited with a finger on the trigger. It came to her with terrifying clearness that he was the type to let nothing on earth interfere with duty. Besides, he had lost two men.

Her nerve was cracking. To counteract that, she tried to pretend that all this was not really happening. She was only watching a vivid film, a film of herself with a white, guarded face, walking about in thin pyjamas and listening to the sickening speed of her heart-beats.

They had searched all the rooms but her own. He stopped outside her door, and smiled at her. (*Continued on page* 60)

Several times she had thought she saw Harry coming across the clearing from the southern side of the bungalow, and her heart had given a great leap

This Slimming Business

By Ferdinand Tuohy

WHERE did this particular slimming craze start?

Not in England, which succumbed last of the western big three (there's no news of Russian women slimming, nor could they very well do so on the national dish, *tschi*, a stew-soup full of the prime fatteners and hardly any meat). Not in France, which stumbled upon it second. It started in America, and, like so many other daft excesses, in Hollywood.

Not that the film stars were as daft as usual on this occasion. Quite a number of them had no option but to slim for the simple reason that the camera is capable of adding pounds in weight—some say up to 10 lbs.—to women whose images it portrays on the screen. Alarming prospect for actresses no longer in their first svelte bloom, who were driven to make themselves thinner so they might at least screen no heavier than their true weight.

It got around that such-and-such a star was slimming; her women fans, thinking their darling was launching a new fashion, copied her; and so, like the ripples in a pool, slimming got going in America, where it was needed, anyway, in view of the enormous intake of sugar in candy, chocolates, and ice-cream in divers forms.

Development number two, which had Paris, France, as its setting, had an even odder origin. The *haute couturiers* had gone off on quite a different tack with the New Look. You may recall how this caused women, and even young girls, to billow out; so much so, that it was a common saying that women were growing larger and larger. Sometimes, in buses, they would look almost Chestertonian as they prepared to sit, massive amazons with apparently no limit set to their future proportions.

Well, it was a recoil from that unanticipated effect on the public mind, which set the fashion arbiters to adopting the exact opposite; after the billowing and the bulging, the pencil silhouette *sans* hip and *sans* brassière (also known as the "*pomme-allumette*" or "potato straw").

Third to join the slimming sorority were the women of the United Kingdom, and no matter what is said to the contrary by faddists and interested propagandists, they were driven to it because the daily diet they are compelled to choose from is a fattening one.

What do women in Britain have to fall back upon, in large measure, but the prime carbohydrates, bread, sugar and potatoes? If they could get lean meat, they could retain their figures, even eating as much of it as they liked. But it's another matter, munching bread and potatoes, and absorbing sugar (about the only regular "concession" they ever get) in jam, sweets, pastry and so forth.

Worry is a good thinner; that British housewives wax fatter despite all their worries is sufficiently eloquent.

WERE one to name a fourth country whose womenfolk are bitten by what they should, or should not bite, it would be Denmark, and there you find a different prime mover again. The average Dane is eleven per cent overweight; the women are fatter than the men; and it is all due to decades of gorging on whatever pleased the palate. I once got into hot water in Copenhagen by writing that its citizens averaged the equivalent of eight meals between 8 a.m. and 2 a.m. Nevertheless, it was a fact.

Danish women will have to abandon the habit of those delicious, piled up smorbord snacks between, and at, meals, if they are ever seriously to enter the slimming stakes. At present they are still nibbling at the job—not even that, if the following close-up of a mannequin parade at the celebrated Hotel d'Angleterre be taken as a pointer:

"The show took over two hours, in the presence of several hundred well-dressed women who drank tea and ate Danish smorbord sandwiches and pastries to the accompaniment of an orchestra.... The models were chosen for variety of weight, so that (*Continued on page 72*)

Country Houses

One of the stately homes of Yorkshire is Harewood House, to which visitors are now admitted. The view is of the magnificent South Front

MANY of Britain's stately homes are on parade this year to provide a delightful and expansive "backcloth" for the Festival. Doors are being thrown open that have kept sacrosanct for centuries some charming interior, some fascinating chapter of history. Change of ownership has deprived many houses of their ancestral patina; others still retain—however precariously!—family links and traditions that are part of the very warp and woof of the English scene. But either way, never before will that vast heritage have known so large and appreciative an audience!

Harewood House, Haddon Hall, Arundel—these and others get crowds annually, but let us make a swift tour of some of the lesser-known places.

Almost for the first time in its history, Temple Sowerby Manor—Westmorland home of Mrs. McGrigor Phillips (Dorothy Una Ratcliffe, the poet and author)—will welcome the public (afternoons of the first Monday in the summer months) to its little arcady on the western slopes of the Pennines. Cross Fell (2,930 feet), lair of the Helm Wind, dominates the eastern skyline, and behind the Manor the Crowdundle Beck—lately released from the Fell—twists its turbulent way and makes this wooded part of the grounds a sanctuary for birds and wild flowers. The house itself is of four distinct periods—Tudor, Jacobean, Queen Anne and Georgian, and on stepping indoors you will become, as it were, the confidants of the Knights Templar to whom the estate belonged in the thirteenth century, of the Tudor gentry who built the intriguing spiral stairways, and of the Georgian and Regency folk responsible for the Manor's lovely collection of fans and silhouettes. . . .

AWAY to the east of the Pennines another house beckons—Wallington, home of Sir Charles Trevelyan, Bart. Here, in the Middle Marches of Northumberland, you are soon initiated into the world of the pre-Raphaelites. True, the present hall dates back to 1688, but one of its most distinctive features is the central hall or court decorated on all sides with magnificent paintings of Northumbrian scenes by William Bell Scott. Imaginatively, you may see John Ruskin and Pauline, Lady Trevelyan looking on (and making their own artistic contributions to the general scheme) as Scott portrays with life-size figures the building of Hadrian's Wall, Cuthbert on the Farne Islands, the death of Bede, Grace Darling effecting her famous rescue of the "Forfarshire" victims, and—amongst other episodes—the development of Tyneside industry. In the spacious grounds and woods that reach down to the River Wansbeck there is further scope for reflection on the great part played in our national story by the Trevelyans since that legendary occasion when Sir Trevelyan—one of King Arthur's knights—gains the ascendancy over his comrades in braving the tides between St. Michael's Mount and the mainland. Wallington is open in the afternoon every Saturday and Sunday in the season and at August bank holiday.

Kiplin provides a further pronounced change of scene—historically and otherwise. You turn off the Great North Road near Catterick and find yourself at length in a secluded desmesne watered by the River Swale. The many-gabled brick mansion, reputedly designed by Inigo Jones, casts its reflection in a reed-patterned lake. Herons fish in the water now, as they did when the first Lord Baltimore here devised his plans for creating the Catholic colony that was to become Maryland.

In a pageant which it is hoped may be ready for the Festival season—a pageant specially written for production in these lovely surroundings—the second Lord Baltimore (who brought his father's plans to fruition) has mustered three hundred would-be colonists, and a strange, bent figure steps from the watching crowd to dissuade them from their purpose. It is the figure of Henry Jenkins, a native of these parts, who lived to be 169 years of age. A table made from the tree under which the patriarch would sit is kept in the library, here, and amongst other interesting mementoes are tiny models of the *Ark* and the *Dove*—the vessels that carried the determined colonists to America. The old story is neatly consummated in the newly-created Baltimore Sun Garden, where flower beds are arranged to form the emblem of Maryland's famous port.

Its size alone gives Yorkshire an astonishing array of ancestral homes. Promoters of the York Festival (June 3–17), and of other regional efforts are taking full advantage of this unique heritage. Think of some of the alluring places in the different Ridings. Ripley Castle, near Harrogate, where Cromwell spent the night after Marston Moor facing a brace of pistols held "at the ready" by the mistress of the house, whose family were Royalist; (*Continued on page* 70)

On Parade

Some Of The Historically Interesting Houses Whose Doors Will Be Open To Festival Visitors

By G. Bernard Wood

1 Burton Agnes Hall. This magnificent Elizabethan mansion between Driffield and Bridlington is open to the public on Thursdays and Bank Holidays during the summer months, by courtesy of the owner, Mr. Marcus Wickham-Boynton, who is a direct descendant of the original owners

2 The tapestry hall at Hovingham Hall, near Malton. Sir William Worsley, Bt., the present owner, is a direct descendant of Thomas Worsley who built Hovingham Hall in 1760

3 Grantham House, Grantham. This charming house was once the home of a prominent and wealthy Lincolnshire wool-stapler. Open to public view on Thursday afternoons

4 Temple Sowerby Manor, Westmorland, home of Mrs. McGrigor Phillips. The public will be welcomed on the afternoons of the first Monday in the summer months

5 Wallington Hall, Northumberland. The home of Sir Charles Trevelyan, Bt. Built on the site of a Border castle in 1688

6 Christchurch Mansion, Ipswich. A Tudor mansion, now an art gallery, which will be the focal point of the Ipswich Festival

The Great Exhibitionist

Alexis Soyer, The Catering Genius, Who Transformed Gore House Into A Grandiose Restaurant And Pleasure Resort For Visitors To The 1851 Exhibition

By Guy Livingston

THE Victorian age has thrown up few odder figures than Alexis Soyer, that convivial Frenchman who impressed himself on his fellows by a remarkable combination of clowning, shrewd showmanship and culinary genius. Flamboyant, colourful and extravagant, he managed to crowd into his shortish life much fun, a number of solid achievements and one fantastic venture that made him the talk of London.

This was the "Gastronomic Symposium of All Nations," the grandiose restaurant and pleasure resort that he set up in 1851 for the entertainment of visitors to the Exhibition. His artistic soul being horrified by the plain fare of buns, sandwiches and mineral water provided for patrons in the Exhibition refreshment rooms, he decided to create a centre of good eating which would offer—in what he considered attractive surroundings—the finest food and drink obtainable.

For this purpose he leased, with the help of a friend, Gore House, lately vacated by the famous Lady Blessington and her companion, Count d'Orsay. Gore House was just across the road from the Crystal Palace—on the site where the Albert Hall now stands—so that it was admirably placed for hungry Exhibition visitors. The white-painted mansion lay secluded in its walled gardens, a quiet haven from the crowds thronging the nearby park.

But it was no quiet haven when Soyer had finished with it; for, however good a chef he may have been, he had shocking taste in design and decoration. With enormous gusto he replanned the interior until Lady Blessington and her illustrious friends would not have recognized it. He transformed the pleasant rooms and galleries into ornate banqueting halls and temples; he had painted a freakish Panorama of Celebrities—famous people, dead and alive, real and imaginary—on the walls of the grand staircase; and he planted pavilions, floral boudoirs, groves and grottoes in the grounds.

ALEXIS BENOIT SOYER

Reproduced from a portrait painted by his wife, Emma Soyer

With a well-developed sense of publicity Soyer threw open the "Symposium" to a fortnight's private views before opening day; and to these all London society flocked. Then, on May 15, he gave a magnificent banquet for 300 "Literati of All Nations," who turned out to be foreign journalists and writers well qualified to give his enterprise a good send-off.

For five months after that the "Symposium" was (apart from the Exhibition itself) the most talked-of place in London. Day and night patrons filled its halls and restaurants, eating meals of a variety and excellence that only Soyer could produce. They gazed in admiration at the 400-foot-long Monster Pavilion of All Nations, which could seat 1,500 diners; they surveyed its Baronial Banqueting Hall, its Hall of Architectural Wonders and its Panqueting Bridge that led down (*Continued on page 70*)

[*Reproduced from the "Illustrated London News"*]

The gardens of Alexis Soyer's "Gastronomic Symposium of All Nations," which was just across the road from the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park. The Albert Hall now stands on this site.

MORAG sank on to a shabby sofa; McKenzie sat himself on one of the wooden benches

SUCCESS STORY

The Ecstasies And Miseries Of Twin Sisters, Physically Identical But Temperamentally Opposite

By Jossleyn Hennessy

"AND so you see we've all had what we wanted out of life," Neil summed it up for me.

After years abroad, I was dining with the McKenzies, and they had been bringing me up to date on the family news.

"*You* have," I said. "But I doubt that the others wanted what they've got."

"Think it over," Neil smiled.

Here are the facts that I was invited to think over:

After the first World War, the London "season" recovered its brilliance. The great political hostesses still entertained in their historic houses; the Eton and Harrow match, Phyllis Court during Henley regatta, and the balls of Oxford's Commemoration week, were not then occasions for practising austerity.

Into this gay and splendid pageant, Lord Cheviot, who was good for a Secretaryship of State whenever the Conservatives were in, thrust his twin daughters. "I've put the world at your feet," he said curtly. "If you choose your husbands carefully, you'll keep it there." He was a hard-working Scot and a stern Presbyterian. He had repressed his gifted wife into a colourless creature and I remember thinking that if Morag and Lalage did not escape soon, they too would be flattened into replicas of their mother.

Dark-tressed were these twins, tall and slim, with faintly olive complexions and fuchsia lips set in pleasantly wide mouths that were made for laughter. Morag's curls swept over her right cheek, close to her eye, so that she had to turn her head to see you on that side. Lalage's did the same to the left. The effect when they entered together was that men lost count of time, which didn't matter if people were just talking, but was hard on the women's feet if it were a ballroom.

By day, they played a smashing game of tennis; by night, they dressed like dreams and danced like angels. Hostesses competed for them so as to ensure a photograph in the society pages. Rich parties, like Sir Goodsie Stout, proposed again and again. Married men, like old Lord Steyne, passed from eighteenth century hints of this and that to downright offers of twentieth century divorce followed by marriage at the Savoy chapel and the family tiaras. Penniless bachelors, like me, who adored openly and vainly, had the best of the twins, because as we did not complicate their lives they rewarded us with a charming feminine comradeship. Through it all, they remained two of the honestest, nicest girls you could want to meet. They were both rebels—Morag deceptively, with a gay, sweet-natured resistance that had wistful undertones; Lalage boldly, and on the surface. Morag burned with a pale, steady flame. Lalage was generously impulsive, passionate in all she did. She smouldered.

BETWEEN 1923 and 1926, Lord Cheviot lived in hopes of giving his daughters away in gilt-edged marriages that would keep cabinet vacancies within the family. But then shortly before he sailed to become Viceroy of India, Lalage announced her intention of marrying Patsy Fielden. The whole family disliked him; by birth, he was a gentleman; by instinct, he seemed a bounder; he was twenty-seven, handsome as the devil, and

engaged in dissipating a sizeable fortune. Lord Cheviot told Lalage icily that no daughter of his should marry a playboy. Lalage flamed up and the wedding took place in a registry office. The Fieldens disappeared on a yachting honeymoon and Morag spent the next five years with her parents in India. Lord Cheviot kept a cold eye on his A.D.C.s and other valueless bachelors in Delhi, and Morag returned to England in 1931, sweeter and lovelier than ever, and still unmarried.

Morag had never liked Patsy, but neither had she joined the family cabal against Lalage, whom she loved. As letter writers, the twins were scrappy and occasional ("Happy birthday, darling. Just back from Biarritz. Kisses. Lalage."), so that when she looked Lalage up, Morag was uneasy at what she discovered. Patsy was inexplicably absent; they had left their Park Lane flat, and Lalage was in a large furnished suite in Curzon Street. She greeted Morag affectionately but fended off questions; she was living on her nerves in a whirl of pleasure. And Morag did not like her friends; they were the wrong kind of racing and theatrical crowd.

From gossip, Morag heard that Patsy spent his last penny some months before, deserted Lalage, and fled abroad to avoid creditors. Since Lord Cheviot had cut Lalage off, she had no money of her own; how then did she dress and gad about as she did? Morag was told that she was being kept by a tailor, a man of humble origin named Neil McKenzie. To-day such a situation is perhaps looked upon with indifference; but in the Cheviot's world of the nineteen-thirties it was not; Morag was distressed and amazed. There was always a crowd of loud and confusing people round Lalage, but, looking back, Morag realized that the McKenzie man had been there each time that she had. Her heart yearned after Lalage, but she did not try to force her confidence because she feared a scene. She wondered whether she could tackle McKenzie instead. On her next visit to Lalage, Morag observed him. There was a bar and a buffet; carpets had been rolled up; there was dancing.

She realized why Neil McKenzie had escaped her notice before: he did not obtrude. He was a small, slow-moving Scot. He had thinnish lips and a cast-iron chin; his mild blue eyes were shrewd; his expression grave, but he released a smile whenever a guest called out "Hallo there! Mack!" No one bothered to stop and talk; they greeted him in passing and passed on. But he did not appear to mind; he helped people to drinks, or sat in a corner, noting all that went on without a hint of what was behind his steady gaze.

Morag joined him behind the bar.

"It's a wonderful party," she said sociably.

McKenzie looked surprised that anyone should want to talk to him, but he gave her his quick smile.

"Aye. They seem to be enjoying themselves fine," he said, with the detachment of a programme seller who has seen the show too often.

"Oh? Aren't you?" Morag asked.

McKenzie considered for some moments, then he said: "No." He made the word sound like a judicial summing up.

"For God's sake! Why do you give these parties then?" Morag exclaimed.

"They amuse Lalage."

Morag softened. "Do you love her very much?"

After due reflection, McKenzie said, "No."

"In that case, I don't understand what this is all about," Morag said, looking round the noisy-smoke-hazed room.

McKenzie revolved this point, then he said with an unexpected chuckle: "I'm just checking up to see whether what I want is what I've got."

Morag was too indignant to speak, but McKenzie raised his eyes to her's and, without embarrassment, looked her over reflectively.

"I'll tell you about it," he said. This, like all his remarks, emerged as the conclusion of careful weighing and balancing. "But we canna talk here. Come over to the shop, round the corner. It's quiet there."

Five minutes later, McKenzie was letting her in to a large workroom on a second floor in Clifford Street. It had nothing of a fashionable West End tailor's establishment but was confined to necessities: tables for cutting; mirrors for fitting; electric lights without shades. Morag

Illustrations by Steven Spurrier, A.R.A.

sank onto a shabby sofa; McKenzie sat himself on one of the wooden benches.

"I'm no living with your sister," he began abruptly. "I just pay her bills."

"Oh!" Morag said coldly. "Why?"

"I'll begin at the beginning," Neil said.

He told her that his father had been a head-cutter who had left to set up on his own in the workroom in which they were sitting. A number of his old customers followed him, and he was not doing badly when he died, leaving Neil aged eighteen, the sole support of three younger brothers. This was in 1919. Neil kept on his father's employees and he and his brothers slaved to learn their trade; they made a bare living.

One day, the furrier below recommended a wealthy undergraduate customer of his, named Patsy Fielden, to try having a suit made by the McKenzies. It was a success and Fielden sent his Oxford friends to them. McKenzies' became *the* tailors for the smart, younger generation. Their primitive premises even had a snob appeal.

The brothers had partitioned off the back regions into a dormitory for themselves. Ian, the youngest, cooked. All that these brothers undertook they did well, and Ian grilled a juicy steak and brewed an aromatic cup of Brazilian coffee. An invitation to join the brothers at lunch developed, as such things could among undergraduates in those carefree days, into an informal but exclusive club. To enter "Mack's" and find half a dozen Oxford men discussing, over their coffee, whether it was morally better to save a child's life for the sake of fame or to sweep the leaves from a dying rose tree from purely disinterested motives, or citing a platinum blonde gold-digger to illustrate Aristotle's conception of a golden meanie, while the brothers silently cut and sewed alongside, was a pleasant example of a depth and diversity of life that passed away with the second World War.

The brothers worked harder than ever; they charged top prices and had no overheads; the money piled up. Neil spent his spare hours teaching himself and his brothers accountancy, and he studied company reports. He began investing on the stock exchange so shrewdly that in a few years he had a substantial capital. His brothers did not know this because he did not tell them, and he, and they, went on working because that was their habit. The witty lunacy that he listened to after the emergence of the undergraduate club enlarged Neil's studies; he read the books that he heard torn to pieces.

Sometime in 1930, Fielden ceased to pay his bills; in 1931 Neil learnt that he was packing up. He had no wish to press Fielden, to whom, he recognized, he owed his start, but he resented the idea that anyone should try to bilk him. He put on his hat and walked to the flat in (*Continued on page* 64)

HER eyes blazing at Fielden, Lalage put the fur over her shoulders with slow ostentation. Then she turned graciously to Neil

At Stratford-On-Avon

a Festival Of Festivals

By Winifred Cherry

"FESTIVAL of Britain" . . . "Festival" . . . "Festival," up and down the country, this word is on everyone's lips, but it is not new to the vocabulary of the inhabitants of Stratford-on-Avon. Every year they talk of "The Festival," "Last year's Festival," "Next year's Festival," and so on. They refer, of course, to the annual Festival at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, which has proudly announced its "Ninety-second season of plays by William Shakespeare."

There have been performances every year since 1879, when the original Memorial Theatre was opened. Not even the disastrous fire of 1926, which destroyed the theatre, daunted the players; aided by the determination of the townsfolk, they transferred to the stage of the local cinema and performed there each year until the present theatre was completed in 1932.

To-day, the popularity of this unique theatre is unquestionable. Each year the streets of Stratford are filled with the "worshippers" of the "immortal bard," and the box office is overwhelmed with applications for tickets. In 1950, 250,000 people attended performances at the theatre and about 140,000 visited Shakespeare's birthplace. From the four corners of the earth these people come, of all countenances, customs and dress. Old and young they come—so young that one day when I was passing the Shakespeare Garage I heard a youthful voice exclaim, "Blimey, is that where Shakespeare kept his car!"

Meanwhile, Stratfordians accept their task of playing host to the world and benefit both intellectually and financially. Stratford has had several extra special festivals. There was the great three-day Shakespeare Festival of 1769, known as Garrick's Jubilee, when, led by the famous actor, David Garrick, the whole town made merry with concerts, public breakfasts, processions, dancing, fireworks, horse-racing, everything except, strangely enough, a performance of Shakespeare's work. Following this, there was a great resurgence of interest in the plays and, nearly a hundred years later, 1864, was marked by very successful Tercentenary Celebrations.

From 1886–1919 the festival productions of the plays were in the hands of the great Sir Frank Benson. It will be a very long time before Shakespeare lovers forget the valiant (*Continued on page* 74)

Michael Redgrave, who is the star in what may well be the greatest season ever known at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. The theatre, seen in the background, has been enlarged and redecorated at a cost of about £80,000

Anne Hathaway's Cottage, the early home of Shakespeare's wife. This building is in perfect preservation and it is expected to be visited this year by many thousands of pilgrims to Shakespeare's country

Hall's Croft, Stratford-on-Avon, the home of Shakespeare's daughter, Susanna. This sixteenth-century residence will be used as a Festival Club and centre during the Festival of Britain. (*On right*) The Shakespeare Hotel is one of the many beautiful half-timbered houses in Church Street, Stratford-on-Avon

BYRON'S LAST LOVE

THE ROMANCE OF THE HANDSOME POET AND LOVER AND THE YOUTHFUL GOLDEN-HAIRED TERESA, COUNTESS GUICCIOLI.

Illustrated by Jack Matthew.

ON a spring night in 1819 the salons of the Countess Benzoni's Venetian palace were thronged with a glittering, chattering cosmopolitan crowd. Everybody who was anybody was there; and among the guests was, inevitably, that wicked and romantic English milord whose riotous living had lately been the talk of Venice—Lord Byron. Strikingly handsome as ever, though grown slightly stouter since his London days, he lounged elegantly on a settee, surveying the brilliant scene with that faintly disdainful gaze of his.

Suddenly his eyes lighted on a girl who had just come in on the arm of an elderly man. Less beautiful, perhaps, than many of the women present, she had a youth and freshness, and a head of brilliant golden hair that would have won the admiration of most men; and even Byron, master of a hundred amorous conquests, was intrigued. But not so intrigued as she with him. For upon this susceptible young lady the Byronic fascination worked as it had worked upon so many others before her, and for her it was love at first sight.

The girl was Teresa, Countess Guiccioli, seventeen and lately married to a wealthy, sixty-year-old landowner who had been wedded twice already. She had not wanted to come to the Countess Benzoni's party—but how she must have congratulated herself afterwards that she did! What she later recorded about her fateful meeting may not be strictly true, but it gives a satisfying romantic picture. "When I entered the room," she wrote, "I saw what seemed to be a beautiful apparition reclining on a sofa. Asked if he would be presented to me, Byron said 'No. I cannot know her—she is too beautiful.'" But before the evening was done they had met; and as they parted, the poet—again in truly romantic style—handed her a message on a slip of paper.

Thus began a romance that continued almost until Byron sailed for Greece some four years

The meeting of Byron and Teresa, Countess Guiccioli was on a spring night in 1819 at the Countess Benzoni's Venetian palace

later—the poet's last love-affair. It followed that fantastic Venetian interlude in which Byron had scandalised society with his bizarre and profligate *ménage* in the Palazzo Mocenigo, and set tongues wagging with his disreputable affairs with Marianna Segati and Margarita Cogni. It was from this unsavoury Venetian past that Byron, in his new liaison, seemed to be fleeing.

It says much for Teresa that she, so young, kept in some measure the affections of the wayward Byron (who was nearly twice her age) for as long as she did. She was neither outstandingly witty nor very clever, but her physical attraction for him was strong. Her features were not beautiful, but for an Italian her colouring was strikingly unusual. Her long-lashed eyes were blue and her hair " so absolutely golden that if a guinea-gold fillet of the deepest yellowness ever seen in gold had been put about her head, the tress and the ornament would have been precisely the same hue and colour." These tresses were indeed Teresa's crowning glory.

After that first meeting Teresa, flattered by Byron's attentions and perhaps a little hypnotised by his reputation, fell swiftly and deeply in love with him. She was so upset at having to leave Venice with her husband after a passionate month with Byron that she fainted three times on her first day's journey. And arrived at Ravenna, she was so love-sick that she took to bed. Byron was less affected by the parting and even seemed a little cynical about Teresa's devotion—and about women generally. " I have been more ravished," he wrote to his friend Hoppner, " than anybody since the Trojan war."

Invited by Count Guiccioli himself, Byron went to Ravenna to hearten Teresa with his presence, and for two months he saw her daily. Under the poet's romantic ministrations she recovered from her illness like a wilted flower.

However, invited by Count Guiccioli himself, he soon repaired to Ravenna to hearten Teresa with his presence, and for two months he saw her daily. Under the poet's romantic ministrations she recovered like a wilted flower, and all the while the Count looked benevolently on. One may well query his strange complaisance at another man's attentions to his wife. The answer is that Byron, the great lover, was fast slipping into the (to him) unbecoming position of *cavaliere servente*. He was becoming the *amico* who, by Italian convention, was permitted to dance attendance on another man's wife.

In this tame and un-Byronic capacity he followed Teresa and the Count to Bologna in August of that year. To a friend he wrote before leaving: " My mistress dear, who hath fed my heart upon smiles and wine for the last two months, set off for Bologna with her husband this morning. I cannot tell how our romance will end, but it has gone on hitherto most erotically. Such perils and escapes! *Juan's* are child's play in comparison."

TERESA and her husband soon left Bologna to visit the Count's estates and, love-lorn despite himself, Byron wandered around their empty house and moped in her boudoir, picking up her books and writing passionate messages in them. He seemed so genuinely heart-broken now to be away from Teresa that when the Count returned with her and himself departed again, leaving her at Bologna, he decided to take her away to his villa at La Mira, near Venice.

For some weeks Byron and his Teresa sojourned at the villa. And even now the conventions—Italian style—were not entirely jettisoned. The excuse for the visit was change-of-air for an ailing lady, prescribed as necessary by a conniving doctor friend of Byron's; and the ever-agreeable Count first gave Teresa his blessing for this unusual health-cure. To Teresa the interlude may have been blissful; but on Byron, that restless soul, the long, quiet days seemed to pall a little. When his friend Moore came to stay, the poet (who was now moustached, long-haired and putting on weight) jumped at the chance of male companionship a shade too eagerly, it seemed.

MEANWHILE, the Count had repented of his tolerance; and after a questionable and unsuccessful attempt to borrow £1,000 from Byron he arrived at La Mira in November 1819, to put things to rights. Now playing the injured husband, he extracted a signed undertaking from Byron that intercourse between the pair should cease and took the weeping Teresa away to Ravenna.

But before the year's end the lovers were re-united. Teresa had become so distracted with grief at Byron's absence that both her own family, the Gambas, and her husband decided that he must be recalled to her side. So to Ravenna Byron came, the crowning irony of the situation being that he was

Teresa and her husband leave Bologna to visit the Count's estates, leaving Byron behind. He seemed genuinely heart-broken to be away from Teresa and wandered around the empty house.

given a luxurious suite in the Guiccioli palace itself. It looked as if the elderly husband were finally reconciled to the illicit claims of his younger and vastly more attractive rival.

THE Count, however, made one more effort to get rid of Byron. This was the time of the activities of those insurgents known as the Carbonari, whom Byron supported and the Count opposed. Guiccioli insisted that Teresa dismiss her lover on political grounds or suffer a decree of legal separation from him, her husband. But the hapless Count was worsted even here, for Teresa turned the tables by securing a separation decree against *him*, receiving back her dowry, her carriage and jewels, and being awarded a substantial annuity into the bargain.

However, she must, so the court said, either live in her father's house (a villa fifteen miles outside Ravenna) or retire to a convent. She chose the first alternative, and left Byron in Ravenna, still comfortably established in her ex-husband's house. The exiled Teresa had to console herself with seeing her lover not more than twice or thrice a month, while he in his palatial quarters settled busily to his *Don Juan*, his *Memoirs*, and various other writings, and later gave much time to the cause of the Carbonari.

EARLY in 1821 this movement collapsed and the Gamba family, who had been involved deeply in it, were banished from the Pope's dominions. But worse was to come for Teresa. Learning that the Count was in Rome seeking authority for her to return to him or enter a convent, she wrote to Byron imploring him not to desert her—and he, busy in Ravenna, at first declined to help. Heart-broken, she went to Pisa; and there, at the end of October 1821, Byron, relenting but not too willingly, rejoined her, setting up house in the ancient, ghost-ridden Casa Lanfranchi.

Those months at Pisa may perhaps have been happy for Teresa, but Byron was restless and unsettled. True, he had his English friends around him, the Shelleys, the adventurous Trelawny, the faithful Tom Medwin—but there were signs that his golden-haired mistress no longer had quite the old attraction for him. The death of his daughter Allegra (her mother was Claire Clairmont) in the spring of 1822 grieved him sorely; and in the summer, after they had moved to Montenero, near Leghorn, came Shelley's death, which shocked him deeply.

In that summer at Leghorn Teresa herself began to realise—as others were already realising—that her hold on Byron's affections was less strong; perhaps that was why she let him continue with *Don Juan*, which he had previously put aside at her express desire. The slightly cantankerous Leigh Hunt, who arrived then with his numerous family to help Byron edit his new magazine, *The Liberal*, judged them to have sadly little in common. And, indeed, Byron's eyes were already on further horizons. In those quiet, uneventful months at Genoa, whither he and Teresa went in the autumn of 1822, accompanied by the Hunts, the Gamba family and the widowed Mrs. Shelley, he was looking towards Greece, whose liberation was a cause that fired his romantic imagination.

IN March 1823 he made his decision to go to Greece; and in July, with Trelawny, Pietro Gamba (Teresa's brother), and others, he boarded the *Hercules*, bound for Greek waters. Becalmed, he came ashore one early morning to the villa where he had left Teresa. The house was dead and empty: "*La Signora è partitu*," said the servant. She had gone; and he never saw her again. He returned to his ship and sailed for Greece; and in less than a year he was dead.

[END]

In July 1823 Byron sailed on the *Hercules* bound for Greek waters.

MONTE CARLO *must expand...or?*

By Harry J. Greenwall

THE history of Monte Carlo is as full of ups and downs as its own hilly territory, and now, after having experienced so many vicissitudes, the reigning prince, twenty-seven year old Rainier III, is faced with a future more uncertain than even a punter in Monte's famous casino, who, with a 1,000 franc *plaque* in his fist, hesitates between black and red.

Monte Carlo, or to call the principality by its correct name, Monaco, is "in the red." Of course it is well known that Monaco's sole means of existence is what is humorously named the Sea Bathing Company that owns and operates the casino and the adjoining theatre. This company's shares have been held by people whose names made news; the late Sir Basil Zaharoff, the armaments "king," held a large block; he lived the last years of his life in Monte Carlo, and died there; the Vatican was also reputed to be a shareholder. The *Société des Bains de Mer*, to call it by its official title, always paid rich dividends. The dividends on the block of shares that the founder of the present casino, M. Blanc, gave the reigning house, were always largely sufficient for the upkeep of the Royal House, but now times have changed and receipts dwindle while expenses mount. What to do?

Prince Rainier would like to know, because he, as a boy of sixteen, saw the first shadows falling across the rock known as (*Continued on page* 58)

JERSEY LILY

A Short Story by Cecil Hunt

WHEN Mary walked out on Jonathan after seven turbulent years of marriage, he consulted Jim Lindsell. There were some more foolish moves he could have made—but not many. For, as his wife had often said, Jim's disastrous emotional life was curious qualification for presuming to advise on the problems of others.

But Jim did know them both thoroughly, and he it was who had made a remark which Jonathan thought revealed acute perception.

"You're like a couple of tops, you two; both spinning too fast. You career about, come together and then reel off at a tangent. Reduce your speed and you'd stop together longer, you know. There's an irresistible attraction, but you don't give it a chance."

It was confoundedly right, for however they quarrelled, they came together again, and perhaps derived a certain stimulation from the clash. But this was more serious. "I'm finished," Mary had said, "if you ever must make contact, you can write me through the bank."

Damn the bank, and the small legacy it symbolized. That and her business acumen and training made Mary economically and socially independent of him. Perhaps they had always been mentally and spiritually self-sufficient. Perhaps the link had been merely physical, yet that was to put it on too low a level. There was the attraction of opposites, the complementary attraction of flint and steel. Their personalities demanded opposition for their full revealing.

Jim sensed this, for he had known them both since childhood; been best man at the wedding and blunt enough to say: "Well, it'll either make or mar you. Don't have any children until you're less inflammable."

He said much the same now, with an underlining of his prophecy. He opposed Jonathan's plan to leave her alone until she came round.

"You can't, you fool," Jim retorted, "you can't leave her alone—or you wouldn't be here. Seek consolations, if you want to taunt her, but they'll only be palliatives—and she'll know it, if you don't."

"So what?"

Jonathan would make no greater acknowledgment of the truth.

"Well, ever since I've known you, you've fought and relished it. But somehow you once stopped long enough together to propose and marry. Get back to the atmosphere of that period. It's your only chance—if you want one."

Jonathan bridled. "I don't, Jim; I'd like to be shot of her, but—well," he grinned, "if she's away for long I feel as if I've lost my braces."

Lindsell refilled the glasses.

"Put like that, it's simple, Jon. Wear a belt, or buy new braces."

His companion grinned. He had not expected that his analogy would be so quickly and aptly exploited.

"I can't abide a belt," he said, "and I can't afford new braces."

"Financially?"

"No; it's more than that."

"Then I can't help. Go and think it over."

JONATHAN did. He arranged a week's holiday and by the time it came he had made his decision. Jim had said get back to the atmosphere of the period in which they were married. Well, he would go to Jersey, where he had proposed, where they had spent their honeymoon. Sentiment—or sound good sense? Hanged if he knew. Anyway, perhaps in women the two were never wholly divorced. And it was perhaps only as a woman that Mary was vulnerable. Her mind and spirit were as independent as his own.

He went by boat, enjoying the comfort of the reduced autumn traffic. It was a wild night, as it had been for their honeymoon; symptomatic, he had thought then, of their natural turbulence. He enjoyed the lash of rain on the cabin porthole and drew a certain satisfaction from the bucketing. The insidious lilt between annoyed him, but he was not sick and he rose excitedly to watch the unloading at Guernsey in bright sunshine. The approach to St. Helier was calm and in a sheen of light. He thought again how blessed the island was by nature, and how little adorned by man. The sea was like beaten brass and the wet sand in the fine bays was a sable mirror. The reddish granite still had an individual charm. The *vraic* carts were busy and the gleaming seaweed loads were tawny in the autumn light.

He must buy a Blampied picture of a *vraicing* scene. They had coveted one on their honeymoon, but money had been tight then. If he took one back, this world-recognized symbol of the essential Jersey scene, perhaps Mary might pause and remember . . . if she ever came home to see it!

Saturday he filled by retracing familiar paths. He went to Corbière, where they had once talked romantic nonsense by moonlight. He thought it now only bleak and inaccessible—and a little hard on the wind. He still found the buses expensive, but pandering to his depression by allowing smoking inside. He enjoyed idly testing his schoolboy French on the official notices. He pondered the tomatoes rotting on the plants and sagging from the supporting crosses that gave the *vergées* the appearance of a military cemetery. Only the absence of names distinguished them from the tidy rows of crosses to the German dead in St. Brelade's churchyard. Just sufficiently different and foreign to be distracting, but no more. He exploited the cheap spirits and drank himself into a (*Continued on page 56*)

HE sat two rows behind her, and never had a service passed more quickly or more pleasantly

Caesar

WE called him Caesar because he had a distinctly Roman nose. There was a tentative suggestion concerning the Duke of Wellington; but this was altogether too ponderous and went by the board after some innocent opined that he was called Caesar because he belonged to the Romanys, so vile a pun deserved to live.

When we first saw him he was tethered in the field at the bottom of the lane, and the caravans were anchored nearby. The gipsies had lately been employed on strawberry picking and had come to our village to pick hops. For all their dissimilarity, the Wessex crops of peas, strawberrys, hops and other such harvests have one thing in common—there is a psychological moment when they are ready for picking and, without the help of these wandering people, the fruit would rot on the plants long before the regular workers could get them picked and basketed.

This year, we did not see the coming of the caravans, which was why we did not see Caesar until he had been unharnessed and was diligently cropping the grass. Then we could not help noticing him, because there was something of an air about him, despite his unkempt appearance—and of course there was, too, the nose.

The caravans were as varied as is usually the case. Some were evidently the homes of house-proud women, with gleaming windows, crisp curtains and shining brasses; one was shaped like a (*Continued on page* 56)

By Ann James

AUNT TINA sat there, her dark brown eyes gazing out to sea, her left hand clasping the silver knob of her ebony stick

Jane Refused the Call

After She Had Made Up Her Mind That Barry Would Not Make A Suitable Husband For Her

By Mary Just

"AN unmarried woman, when she's as pretty as you are, me dear," said Great-Aunt Christina Macnair, "is just a ridiculous object."

"Well, but Aunt Tina, if I don't want to get married . . . ?"

"Fiddle-de-diddle-de-dee," said Aunt Tina, throwing in an extra "diddle" to show just how much she believed of this.

"But you didn't marry, yourself, Aunt Tina."

"And that's just why I'm a ridiculous object," said Aunt Tina complacently, thus completely and cleanbowling her niece.

Jane began to laugh, and when Jane laughed, the day and the flowers and the birds and the sunlight laughed with her. She was a small thing, with gold hair inclining to red, and dark blue eyes, and her skin was as beautiful as only a West Highland girl's skin can be. Talk about the Irish. Go and take a holiday in Argyll!

"Ay, you may laugh," said Aunt Tina, "but many's the time and oft I've wished I hadn't been such a fool."

"Was there someone special?" asked Jane gently.

"I'll not deny that. But he was killed in the Boer War. Still, once a thing's finished and done with, one should recognize that it *is* finished, and not sit around moaning. I just wouldn't take any other of the nice lads that came around me, and here I am, a lonely old woman, sitting by herself in a lonely old house, with a bank full of money that I don't know how to spend. That reminds me," she reached out a hand to the drawer in which her cheque book lay. "I daresay you could find a use for ten pounds, just to be going on with."

"Aunt Tina! You are a darling. You shouldn't."

"If there's one thing you *can* do when you've reached the age of seventy-seven, Jane, it's what you wish to do. Whether you're married or no."

"Perhaps even more if you're not married," said Jane, greatly daring.

"Will you stop talking rubbish? I'd like to see the husband who'd have ordered *me* about."

Jane would have liked to see him, too. Aunt Tina was what's known in Argyllshire as "awful fir . . . r . . . rm." She took the completed cheque, kissed her aunt affectionately, and said, "You're just a darling."

"Do not change the subject, Jane. I wish to know why you're not married, and you coming up twenty-five. It can't be that you've not been asked."

"Oh . . . I've been asked."

"Several times, I should think?"

"Y-yes. Quite a few."

"And yet you prefer to live in a cheap lodging in London, and be out of work half the time, and call yourself an actress. Where's the sense in that? You should marry and bring up another fine generation of Scots men and women."

"I don't think one should marry till one meets the right man," said Jane helplessly. She didn't know what else to say. How could she explain to Aunt Tina that the only man she could ever love just didn't ask her to marry him? He played around with her, he took her out, he kissed her in the taxi coming home, but that was as far as it ever went. You can't exactly say to a man, "If you're all that fond of me, why don't you ask me to marry you?"

It had been going on for a long time now. Barry Bryant was about two years older than she was, and altogether charming. He had the come-hither in his eye, but he couldn't exactly help that, he'd been born with it; and he was rather quiet than otherwise. His look said more than his tongue. It said a good deal to Jane. But, as has been said, his tongue didn't clinch the matter. Poor Jane was deep in the toils now, she just couldn't free herself, and as for marrying anyone else. . . . Well, Aunt Tina had felt the same, in spite of all she was saying at this moment.

DEAR old Aunt Tina! It was always delightful to go and spend a holiday in the old home of her mother's people, a stately square Georgian house, overlooking the grey seas lapping and tossing upon the shore of Scotland. Jane loved Scotland. Her father had been English, but her Scottish mother had left something in her blood that rose and acclaimed the strength and the grandeur of that steel-true land, whenever she crossed the Border. How rightly, she used to think, the thistle had been chosen as the emblem of Scotland. So lovely and tender in its colouring, and yet so fiercely aloof, unless you tackled it aright." *Nemo Me Impune Lacessit.* That was the motto of Scotland, translated in jest by her own sons, as "Wha daur meddle wi' me?"

It wasn't for want of wishing that she had never accepted an offer in her own home county, and settled down there for good. It was just that, having seen and known and loved Barry, there was nobody else that would do. Perhaps this was what

Illustrations by S. Tresilian

had put that look of sadness into her beautiful blue eyes, in spite of her dimples, and her merry laugh.

"I shall pursue my subject," said Aunt Tina now, quite firmly. "It's time somebody spoke to you definitely on the matter. What is a woman, without a wedding ring and the word Mrs. before her name? Just a burn with no water in it, and that's another way of saying . . . nothing at all. She may be the greatest actress in the world, which—excuse me, me dear—you're not, and never will be, however much you think otherwise. We've all grown very forward-thinking in this twentieth century, but as far as *I* can see, all that women have got out of shrieking and yelling to be men's equals is that no man gives them his seat in a bus or a train any more. Women were made to be wives." She shook an admonitory finger at Jane. "Now, I want you to think that over well, because. . . ."

She stopped, and there was a long, long pause, which, for some strange reason that Jane could not have explained, she dared not interrupt. Aunt Tina sat there, her smooth white hair shining beneath a small lace cap, her dark brown eyes gazing out to sea, her left hand clasping the silver knob of her ebony stick. There was a look in those eyes that was simple, stark tragedy. You don't interrupt, "remembered kisses after death." Jane sat very still.

Suddenly Aunt Tina stirred, and looked up. Her eyes were wet.

"Me dear," she said, "you don't want to be a very lonely old woman, like myself. Take the next decent fellow that asks you, and be happy with him. The only thing is . . . make sure that he *is* a decent fellow. You'll soon know. Just watch the way other men speak to him and treat him. That'll tell you all you want to know about him. They know one another as we never can. I love you too much to think of your wasting your life on a dream the way I did. Now kiss me, me dear, and away with you for your walk."

Jane kissed her very tenderly. She knew better than to reply. Aunt Tina had spoken her word. It was for her, Jane, to take or reject the advice.

SHE stepped briskly out and down towards the seashore, for the walk she had been going to take when she had looked in to the drawing-room to say "au revoir." The wind was blowing softly inshore, and as she stood, eyes bright, and cheeks pink, gazing out across the sea, she remembered something her old aunt had once said to her when she first came to stay at Graile House, a girl of about seventeen, just after her father's death. Her mother had died at her birth.

"There's nothing at all, just here," Aunt Tina had said,

AT the door of the little cottage, a fisherman mending his nets looked up at them, smiled affectionately, and called out "Hoo's a' wi' ye, doctor?"

standing beside her on the wet, gleaming pebbles, "between you and the chimney-pots of New York."

It was a wide, astounding description. It had caught the mind and fancy of the young girl, and every time she went down to the beach, she always remembered it . . . miles and miles and miles of open sea, swinging and surging and heaving towards the coast of Scotland from the far coast of the American new world. But that was as far as it could get. The rocks of Argyll stood there, as they had stood from the beginnings of time, looking coldly down. "You're welcome so far," they said, "but . . . this is Scotland. Wha' daur meddle wi' me?"

"Hallo," said a cheerful voice.

"Hallo, Dr. Duncan."

"How's the old lady to-day? I'm just on my way to have a look at her."

"Oh, very cheerful. She's just been reading me a lecture on the importance of getting married."

"Then there's two of us," said Angus Duncan. "When are you going to change your mind?"

"Oh dear," said Jane woefully, "must we start this again?"

"Ay, we must. Every single time we meet. Sorry about it, but I shall ask you, and go on asking you, every single time you come down here, until you say yes, or marry another man."

"I can't stop you," said Jane.

"Come, that's a step in the right direction, anyway."

There was a grin on his brown face. He was a well-built, stocky young Highlander, with the typical red-gold hair of the Campbell strain that shows up in so many of the men and women of Argyll. His eyes, however, were not the Campbell blue, but clear brown, rather like those of a very strong, honest, faithful dog. He fell into step beside Jane.

"I thought you were going to visit Aunt Tina. . . ."

"I am that. But I'll walk along the shore and back with you first. Maybe you'll give me a cup of tea when we get in. I was up all night on a baby case, and I'm just dropping."

"You look it," retorted Jane, answering his grin.

"You know, you and I would suit awfully well. What's wrong with me?"

"Just . . . I don't love you."

"How d'you know? I don't believe anyone knows, until they've been kissed."

"I know without that. Come on, we'll go back and have some tea."

THEY returned to the house, Angus with his head up, and his determined young chin carried high. He might be breaking his heart for what he couldn't get, but he wasn't going to show it. He was a great-hearted lad, thought Jane. She must try and be as plucky as he was.

Some more words of Aunt Tina's recurred to her, as they passed along the low shore road back towards Graile House, and met the Provost.

"Is that yourself, doctor? Come away in this evening if you can. I've one or two fellows coming in for a drink, and I'll be glad to see you." He put a very slight accent on the "you," as if he really meant it. They went on, and at the door of a little cottage, a fisherman, mending his nets, looked up, smiled affectionately, and called out, "Hoo's a' wi' ye, doctor?"

"Just watch the way other men speak to him, and treat him. That'll tell you all you want to know," Aunt Tina had said.

Jane tried to remember how other men treated and spoke to Barry. But Barry and she nearly always went out together. She didn't seem to remember just exactly *how* other men treated him. Like herself, he was struggling to get somewhere on the stage. She couldn't—offhand—remember any special man friend of his, but then, he came and went so—sometimes he was on tour for a bit, then he'd reappear. They reached the house, and went in, and Jane opened the door of the drawing-room, with its shimmering, leaping fire, and its bowl of late roses on the table near Aunt Tina's armchair.

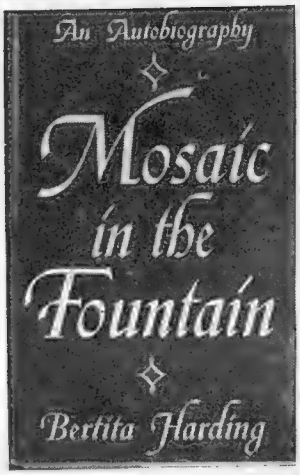
"She's asleep," she whispered, smiling.

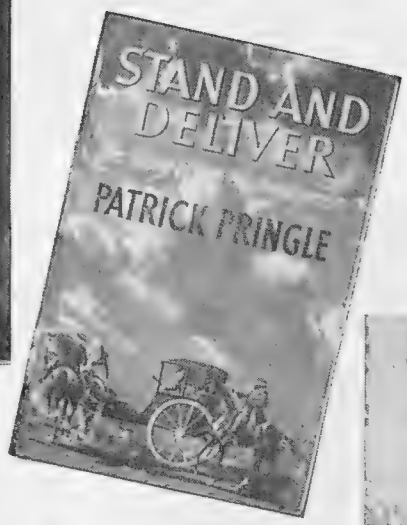
Angus Duncan did not answer the smile. He took a couple of strides across the room, picked up the fragile old hand in his own, and felt the pulse. Then, very quietly, he laid it down, and spoke the simple idiom of those parts.

"She's away," he said gently.

"You mean . . . ?"

"Ay. And I'm glad, for her sake. I (*Continued on page 72*)





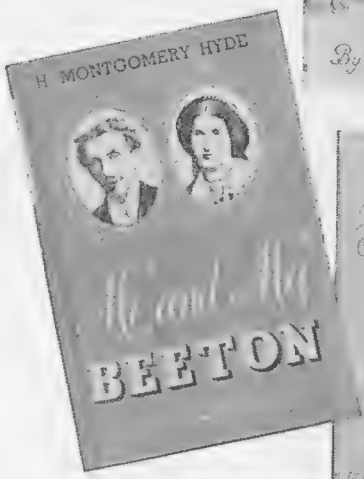
EATING FOR BEAUTY

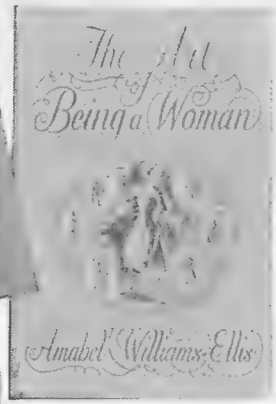
THAT is the slogan of the Gayelord Hauser gospel which was first popular with Hollywood stars. It recommends, especially for the over-forties, a daily diet including brewers' yeast, yoghourt (or milk or buttermilk) fortified with powdered skim milk, wheat germ and black treacle; *café au lait* or, better still, two teaspoons of treacle in a half-cup of hot water with milk added. Apart from diet, there are relaxing exercises like Body Slant—lying on a board about a foot higher at feet than head—and Stomach Lift (drawing it in so many times regularly), "the best gift that I have to give you," the only exercise needed for the rest of our lives if we do it earnestly!

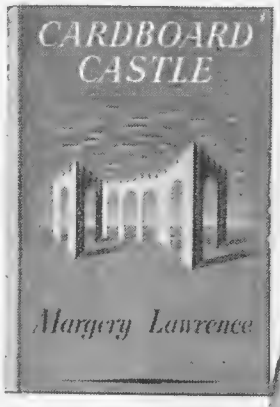
Mr. Hauser's **"Look Younger, Live Longer"** (Faber, 12s. 6d.) surveys the whole problem of health, disease and deportment, suggests detailed treatment for common ailments, gives daily diet menus.

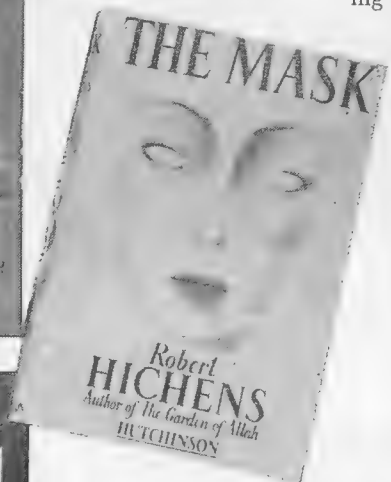
Books

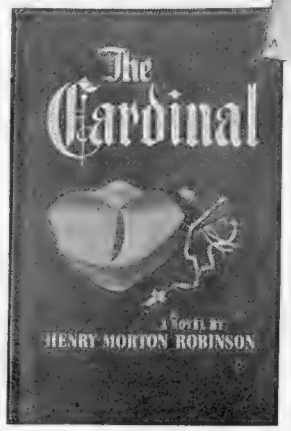
Reviewed by Trevor Allen











WILDE wit was no Oscar monopoly. Brother Willie shared it; so did their mother, Lady Wilde. When Oscar accepted the editorship of the *Woman's World* she told him: "We all have to begin in a small way; and six guineas a week will at least keep you in carnations and cab fares." Hearing that novelist Lady Florence Dixie had called one of her heroines Speranza she said: "It is a liberty. Nobody but myself is entitled to this name." "But," Oscar replied, "the 'Speranza' of that novel is described as the adopted daughter of an earl and marries his eldest son. Doesn't that make a difference?" "Not a bit," was the response. "What it suggests is the *Family Herald* and the servants' hall." Horace Wyndham has had to bump out his biography of her—"Speranza" (Boardman, 15s.)—with some old Oscar lore, but he gives a good all-round portrait of a remarkable woman, with new material, vignettes of her Dublin and London *salons*, a survey of her writings, and an account of the libel action over her husband's alleged affair with a young woman patient who was no patient woman.

BIOGRAPHER Bertita Harding was the daughter of a Rhinelander engineer who went to Mexico to build a power station. Her girlhood was spent in that turbulent country; she saw revolution, famine, and Pancho Villa come to Monterey, and lived through a good deal of drama which makes her autobiography "Mosaic in the Fountain" (Harrap, 12s. 6d.) more eventful than most by literary ladies. Not the least interesting part of this graphic book concerns her Hungarian mother's quest for the jewels and relics of the executed Emperor Maximilian, some of which she reclaimed from Federal pawnshop and thieves' kitchen.

ANOTHER attractive autobiography, about her girlhood in Finland, is Martha Hedman House's "Mathias and Mathilda" (Chapman and Hall, 12s. 6d.) in which she draws a loving picture of the uncle and aunt with whom she lived, and the country and people. Whenever uncle's love was in danger of straying aunt kept or regained it by the simple expedient of "feeding the brute" with favourite dish or sumptuous dinner he couldn't resist. I enjoyed this cheerful memoir . . . and envied the bribery!

WHEN Mrs. Beeton offered Longman's her verse, wise Thomas Longman told her: "My dear Madam, it is no good bringing me poetry. . . . Bring me a cookery book, and we might come to terms." So she produced *Modern Cookery*, the successful precursor of her immortal *Household Management* some twenty years later. H. Montgomery Hyde's "Mr. and Mrs. Beeton" (Harrap, 10s. 6d.) has been anticipated by Nancy Spain's biography, but his individual approach makes this one well worth while.

IT may be too much to hope for a second *Wooden Horse*, but Paul Brickhill's "The Great Escape" (Faber, 10s. 6d.) comes near it as a full record of the amazing tunnel-break of seventy-six British officers from Stalag Luft III and the summary execution of fifty who were recaptured. In planning, organization and daring this was the war's ace escape, and Mr. Brickhill communicates vividly the drama and torturing suspense.

WE still have highwaymen, but now they call themselves Inland Revenue. Their heydays were the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, to which period belong most of the merry rogues in Patrick Pringle's history "Stand and Deliver" (Museum Press, 18s.) A few were even women, like "Moll Cutpurse," Mary Frith, whom he mentions, and the one Thomas Rumbold met who held up her own skinflint husband, disguised, nearly scaring the life out of him—not mentioned. At times Mr. Pringle's style is, perhaps, excessively slangy, even for its subject—"Maclaine was pretty hot stuff with the ladies but a damned bad highwayman"; but it makes a lively chronicle, illustrated with old prints.

WHAT are modern woman's problems, relative to inherited ideas? Should she try to adapt herself to them, or is it the old pattern that needs adapting? That is Amabel Williams-Ellis's approach to "The Art of Being a Woman" (The Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.) which covers work, home, social life, love, marriage, culture and the arts—almost (*Continued on page 76*)

Just A Little Longer

SPRING seems to be the signal for hair to get into that "can't do anything with it" mood and by its appearance to add something to the sad conviction that one's new spring hat has somehow lost its appeal since it came home from the shop.

It is all to do with changing metabolism and, perhaps a little, to slap-happy methods of hair care during the winter. In any case some attention to condition is indicated and if this is followed up by a really good haircut both morale and the new hat will benefit.

International hairdressing circles (if you happen to care) have been debating the question whether or not we shall wear longer hair. There has been much dissent, but English hairdressers seem to have come down on the side of "just a little longer," a decision which most women will approve. Though becoming and easy to handle, short hair poses the problem of repeated haircuts and new perms and in hard times these matters have weight. Without returning to the long hard-to-handle styles, hair three or four inches long does meet the problem to some extent.

In the meantime the chignon is pretty well established as a fashion feature for summer, though for the average woman the deciding factors to wear or not to wear it, is certain to lie between cost and manageability. A spare-part chignon of real hair is expensive but successful imitations are effective and cheaper, notably nylon which is indistinguishable from the real thing.

Keeping the bun anchored is no problem if the short back hair is back-combed to make a solid pad on which to pin the attachment. Nylon is very light and real hair chignons should not weigh more than two to two and a half ounces.

The chignon has this practical advantage, too, that worn with hair smoothly drawn back from the temples and ears to disappear into the coil at the back, as in the sketch on the left below, very little waving or dressing is necessary.

Generally speaking the trend is for off-the face dressings, smooth crowns and deep-waved movement. A chignon effect is often achieved even without the spare part, by sweeping the hair back from the ears in a bunch of soft curls as in the dressing by Vasco on the right at the foot of the page.

The cost of frequent visits to the hairdresser is a matter of concern in these times, but it cannot be too often said that styling by a first-class hairdresser is ultimately the greatest economy. While washing and setting the hair is a comparatively simple operation, cutting and styling is a job that only a first-class hairdresser can do successfully. Money invested in this way makes the whole business of handling your own hair a possible and practical proposition.

Raymond reintroduces the page-boy cut in a shorter version, above, with the hair swept smoothly back from the brow. French uses a softly coiled chignon with straight swept back hair and two soft curls on the forehead. Below right, Vasco achieves a modified chignon effect with soft, short curls on the nape of the neck and a deep-waved movement from the temples

Dogs in

By

A. W. Hunter

WE are a nation of animal lovers. There are more dogs per head of the population in Britain than elsewhere in the world. One family in every four owns a dog and most of them are dearly loved. For all this, many dog owners who are attentive to the health and welfare of their pets are less particular when it comes to behaviour. An obedient dog is, by any reckoning, a much greater asset than an intractable one and, like a well-behaved child, far more likely to win the approval of one's friends.

I am often asked if one kind of dog is more easily trained than another. No hard and fast rules can be laid down on this matter, for even within the same breed temperaments vary. Generally speaking—and contrary to popular belief—the larger breeds take most readily to training. Alsatians, Labrador Retrievers, Collies and Setters are good learners. The smaller breeds—Terriers of all types, Corgis and some of the Toys, possibly on account of their great exuberance, often need more patience on the part of the trainer.

Training must begin in the house. Cleanliness is the first requirement. From the start the puppy should be put in the garden or in a box with sawdust after each meal. If he makes a mistake rebuke him firmly and take him at once to the proper place. A regular routine is the secret of house training.

Sleeping quarters should be established at an early age. A puppy is an endearing little creature and there is always a temptation in the early days to allow him to curl up in the armchairs. As he grows it becomes necessary to break him of this habit and it is asking too much to expect him to understand why the pleasant habit in which he has been encouraged should now be an offence.

A canvas bed with a wooden or metal frame can be purchased or made. Placed in a secluded corner, it will become his own little sanctum. Don't disturb him unnecessarily when he is in it.

If an outdoor kennel is preferred, it should be raised off the ground and made completely weather-proof.

For the first six months a puppy will take most of his exercise in house or garden. His bones are still forming and long walks plus straining on the lead may result in malformation.

COMES the day when, complete with new collar and lead, outdoor training begins in earnest. The collar should be sufficiently loose to allow two fingers to be placed easily between it and the dog's neck.

To attempt too much during his first outings will do more harm than good. Remember, he is in a world of new, exciting smells and he must be allowed to familiarize himself with them if his attention is to be claimed later.

First, train him to walk to heel. For this purpose,

Training

the dog must be on the left side, close to the trainer's leg; the loop of the lead held in the right hand, with the left hand controlling the lead about 18 inches from the collar. If the dog is free to walk ahead of the trainer, control is lost. Any attempt at pulling outwards should be countered by a tug on the lead towards the leg, at the same time giving the command, "Heel!" in a firm voice. The exercise should be carried out at a normal walking pace. After constant repetition, the dog will associate the action with the command and eventually the lead can be dispensed with, and the command only is enough.

All work and no play will make "Jack" a dull dog, so allow him to work off his excess energy with a romp before training begins. If he has worked well a friendly pat and a word or praise will let him know you are pleased.

THE next step is to control the dog when a halt during the walk becomes necessary. He should learn to sit quietly at your side until the walk is resumed. Traffic problems cannot concern you if your dog walks at heel and will sit at the kerb when commanded.

To obtain the sitting position, place two fingers of the right hand under the dog's collar, lifting the head gently. With the left hand, stroke down his back and press firmly on the hind quarters, at the same time repeating the command "Sit!" It is only by constant repetition that the action becomes linked with the command, but patience does the trick.

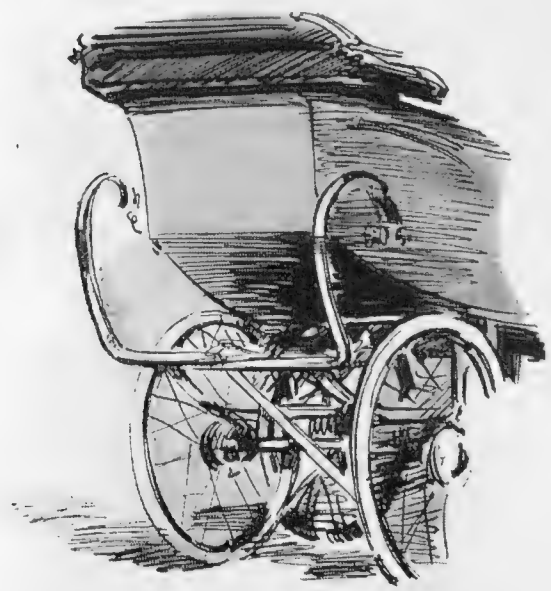
If the dog is required to stay in the sitting position, back slowly away whilst still facing him, raising the hand in a cautionary manner, repeating the word "Stay!" If he attempts to get up, go back and start again. Finally, walk behind him still repeating "Stay! Stay!" so that he will get used to obeying, without seeing you.

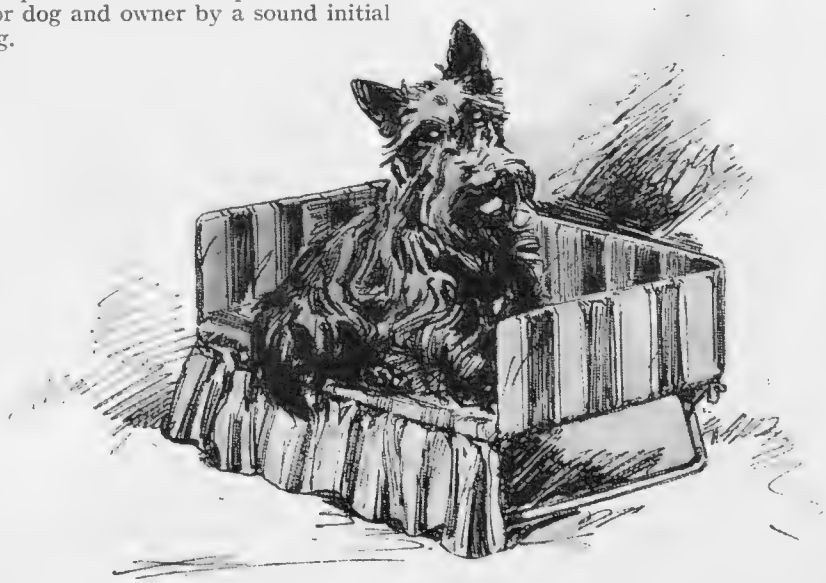
The successful trainer has a real affection for her dog and a desire to follow his thought processes. The four important qualities to be cultivated in yourself as trainer are patience, perseverance, firmness and kindness; patience in showing the dog what is required; perseverance in tireless repetition up to the point when he carries out his training smoothly and efficiently; firmness in insisting that once the dog understands the commands they are obeyed; kindness, that his confidence in you is never shaken and that firmness is not to be mistaken for displeasure.

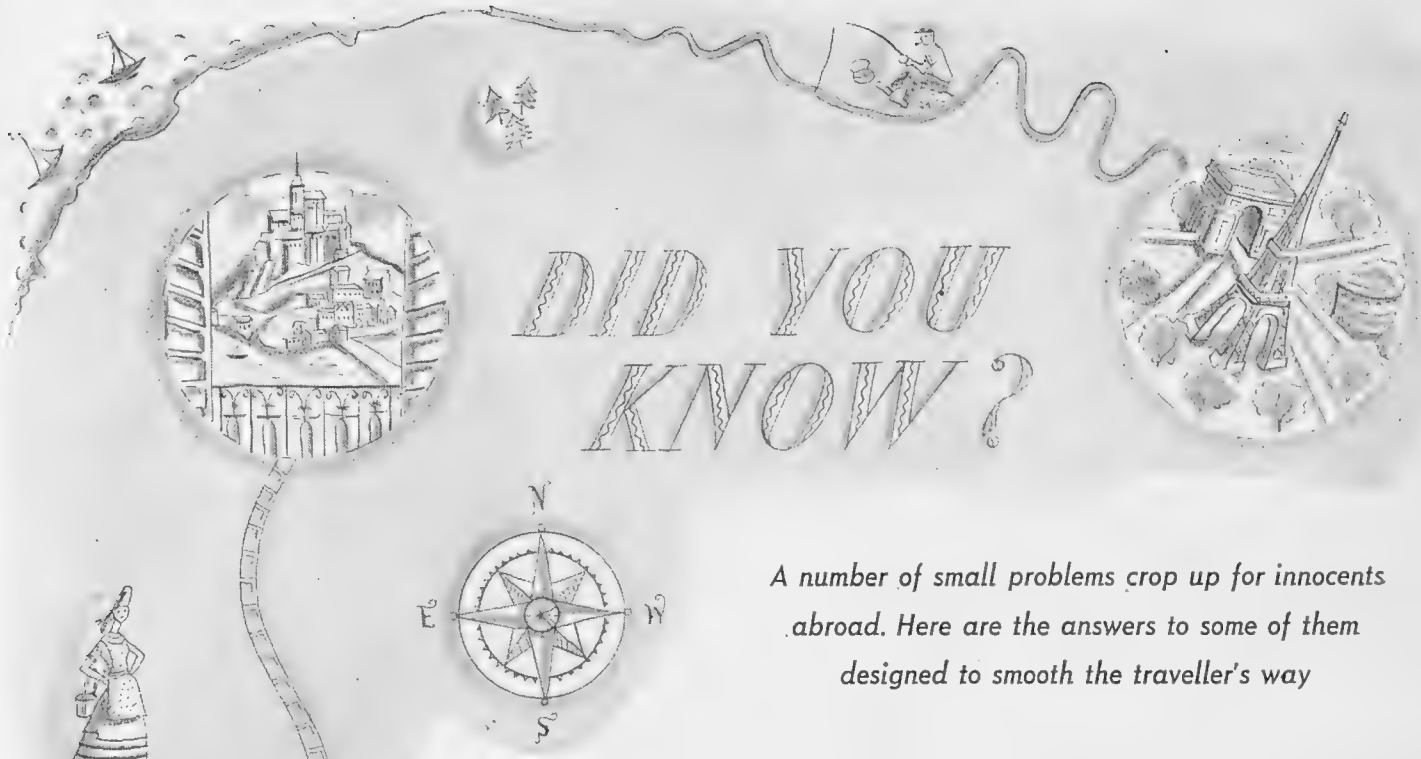
Dogs' temperaments vary as much as do those of human beings and it is for this reason that books on dog training are not wholly a success. General principles can be laid down but they may not apply to individual temperaments.

The National Canine Defence League operating from their headquarters in London offer assistance to dog owners through a correspondence course in dog training. Individual advice thus ensures that the progress of each dog is considered by expert trainers and methods adjusted as training proceeds.

The pleasures inherent in a happy companionship with a dog need no reiteration, but not all animal lovers appreciate how much a peaceful relationship is enhanced both for dog and owner by a sound initial training.







DID YOU KNOW?

A number of small problems crop up for innocents abroad. Here are the answers to some of them designed to smooth the traveller's way

LEARNING by experience is a good thing at most times but not on holiday. Time is too precious for the mistakes and miscalculations which inevitably occur when travelling on unfamiliar ground, especially abroad. The counsel of friends who have been there before you often results in an assortment of conflicting views. Personal judgments are best. Nevertheless, here are some facts which may help to make your holiday travelling easy.

People, especially women, contemplating a motoring holiday on the Continent and feeling a little dubious of the problems involved may like to know about Motor Rallies. This slightly misleading title refers to conducted car trips organized by one of the big travel agencies. Convoys of a dozen cars leave London for Continental objectives with all arrangements laid on. Thus you have the advantage of travelling independently and driving your own car minus the problems.

WITH boat ferries congested it is useful to know of a private air transport route for cars run by ex-R.A.F. pilots. This service conveys car and passengers from Lympne to Le Touquet in twenty minutes. Two cars are conveyed on each flight and, taking four passengers to a car, the cost compares very favourably with other air routes.

A relief driver on a long car trip is practically a "must." The strain of long hours of driving on unfamiliar routes can do much to sabotage the enjoyment of a holiday.

Special word to drivers : On a long trip resist the temptation to go on a little longer before lunch. In France restaurants on the wayside close down before two o'clock and the *patron* is taking his siesta. On Sundays the hour for *déjeuner* is from noon until one o'clock. Demands for lunch after this time are not generally received with enthusiasm.

Don't rely on the snack meal on the Continent. The snack is a British institution. When and if you can get it on the Continent it will probably cost as much as a full-scale meal.

IF you aim at the Mediterranean Coast bear in mind that many beaches are privately owned. On these a charge is made for swimming and another for sitting on the beach *not* inclusive of the charge for chairs. At this rate two dips a day becomes a costly luxury, so it is as well to check the point in advance.

About climate : A favourable rate of exchange has brought Spain into favour for British holidaymakers but the south of Spain is *extremely* hot in high summer. The same goes for southern Italy. If you like the heat and are content to sit in the shade well and good, but don't expect to do the sights of the big cities like Rome and Florence and Madrid without great fatigue in the hot season.

TIPPING is a perpetual problem to innocents abroad. In France and Belgium a fixed charge is made for carrying luggage by authorized station porters. Attendants in washrooms, on beaches, ushers in cinemas and theatres and bell-hops more or less depend upon gratuities for their livelihood.

Don't expect in small French towns to find merchandise with chic just because they *are* French towns. Such things are seldom found in the provinces. In Italy it is a different story, but remember that the Italian shopkeeper, wherever he is found, is not averse to a little bargaining over price. If you can speak the language sufficiently you can make him an offer regardless of what is on the price ticket. He won't be offended, and he may well bring his price down.

Be cagey about the Italian who offers to sell you American or English cigarettes in the street. You can easily find yourself in an argument with the police. Incidentally, if you are watching points about money resist the temptation to send endless postcard views of Italy to your friends. The cost of cards and postage home is quite formidable.

It is hard to (*Continued on page 76*)

Garden Without Soil

By

Ernest Chaloner, F.R.H.S.

ALTHOUGH an old-fashioned gardener described soil-less gardening as soulless gardening, just because there was no contact with Mother Earth, growing plants in chemically-treated water has proved of great value to mankind. In desert districts where there was no loam, and in city houses where soil was hard to obtain, and too difficult to manage, nature has been successfully imitated and lovely crops of vegetables and flowers have been cultivated in water.

By adding a little more of one chemical than another the colours of the flowers have been made more brilliant. Complete control of the growth of the plant is in the hands of the water gardener, and the simple cleanliness of the system cuts out plant diseases and insect pests.

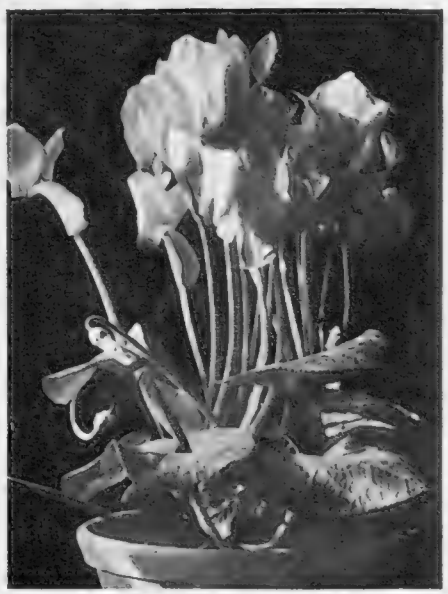
The scientific work in soil-less gardening has been carried to a very high standard at the Horticultural Station at Reading University. But grandmother knew something about it when she grew those lovely hyacinths in special coloured glass vases, with nothing but water beneath the bulb.

The receptacles to hold the water plants may be large pottery vases, small tubs, old battery tanks of glass, and aquariums. In the case of glass receptacles the sides must be covered with paper, or painted black, to keep the roots in the dark. Strong wire netting is placed over the top of these receptacles, with a good layer of peat moss or wood wool (the stuff they pack peaches in) touching the water beneath. In this moss the seeds and plants are set; the plants, or cuttings, with the roots, or stalks, pushed well through and into the water.

The easiest vegetables to grow in the tank are French beans from seed, and tomatoes from young plants. All kinds of flowers have done well, including carnations, chrysanthemums, nasturtiums and sweet peas. The first two start best from small cuttings, and the last may start from seeds set into the moss on the wire. These have always to be kept moist. Cyclamen corms may be pressed into the wet moss, as may all the other bulbs and corms, including anemones.

The receptacles have to be filled with a stock solution of quite ordinary chemicals that may be made up as follows: get five empty quart bottles with screw tops (beer or cider bottles do admirably), and into the water that nearly fills them dissolve in the first bottle 4 dessertspoonfuls of sulphate of ammonia; second bottle, 4 dessertspoonfuls of sulphate of potash; third bottle, 10 dessertspoonfuls of nitrate of potash; fourth bottle, 6 dessertspoonfuls of magnesium sulphate (Epsom salts); and fifth bottle, 9 dessertspoonfuls of double superphosphate. All these chemicals can be bought from the ironmonger or chemist at quite low prices.

When you have your row of bottles ready, and the (*Continued on page* 68)



Water culture offers the gardenless gardener greater scope for activity. Carnations, chrysanthemums, anemones and cyclamen can all be successfully cultivated by this method.

THE ROOM AS ILLUSTRATED FOR £200.

	£	s	d
Settee	23	1	6
Wing easy chair	15	13	6
Fireside chair	7	8	9
Dining-room suite (sideboard, table, 4 chairs)	47	6	9
Bookcase	14	0	0
Triangular coffee table	3	16	9
Circular coffee table	3	16	9
Light fitment	3	17	6
6 yds. satin damask, 48″ wide, at 17s. 11d. per yd.	5	7	6
Carpet, plain Wilton or Indian, 12′ x 9′	50	0	0
	174	9	0
For optional extras such as lamps, pictures or ornaments	25	11	0
	£200	0	0

AN ALTERNATIVE BUDGET FOR £150.

	£	s	d
Settee	23	1	6
1 fireside chair (substituted for wing easy chair)	7	8	9
1 fireside chair	7	8	9
Dining-room suite	47	6	9
Bookcase	14	0	0
1 coffee table (omitting one of the two in previous budget)	3	16	9
Light fitment	3	17	6
6 yds. 48″ magnolia rayon print at 11s. 6d. per yard	3	9	0
Axminster leaf pattern carpet 10′ 6″ x 7′ 6″	27	9	6
	137	18	6
For optional extras	12	1	6
	£150	0	0

ECONOMY BUDGET FOR UNDER £75.

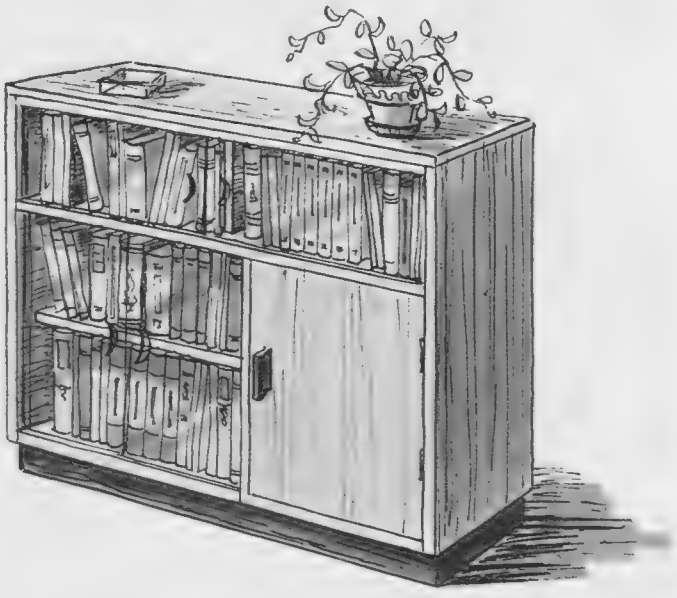
		£	s	d
Instead of settee and chairs	1 wing chair	15	13	6
	2 fireside chairs	12	0	0
	4 wheel-back chairs	7	0	0
Instead of dining-room suite illustrated	Gate-leg table in light oak to seat four, 3′ x 4′	8	18	8
	Bookcase-sideboard	14	0	0
	Light oak coffee table	2	16	8
	Light fitment	3	17	6
Substitute for rayon print at 11s. 6d. per yard.	6 yds. self-coloured casement at 7s. 6d. per yd.	2	6	6
	2 self-colour sculptured Axminster rugs, 6′ x 3′	7	8	0
		£74	0	10

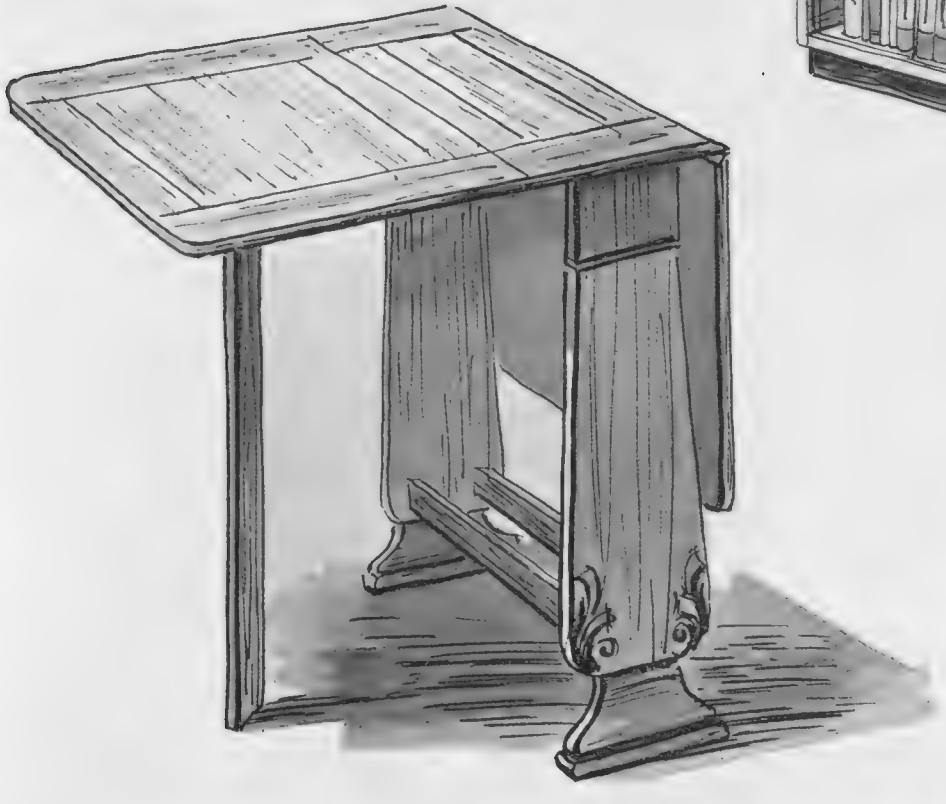
BUDGET FOR A LIVING-ROOM

HERE are three budgets for furnishing a modern living-room, the first setting a limit of £200, the second limited to £150, and the third worked out with the strictest regard to economy. The result is a tasteful, modern furnishing scheme, to meet the practical needs of the average household. The furniture is contemporary in design without being extreme and the quality is of the best at this price-level.

The room illustrated is furnished from the top-price budget and combines comfort with adaptability for informal entertaining at home. The second budget is basically the same with certain omissions and substitutions. A saving has been made by substituting a second fireside chair for the wing chair; a less costly Axminster carpet for the Wilton or Indian one; a rayon print for the damask curtains; and omitting one of the coffee tables.

In the economy budget, the aim was to maintain the standard of tasteful furnishing, and this has been achieved by choosing pieces which, although less expensive, are still excellent of their kind. The light oak wheel-back chairs, gate-leg table and glass-fronted bookcase with convenient cupboard to double for the sideboard, effect a considerable reduction in the cost of a dining suite. These items are illustrated below. Substitution of a wing chair for the settee, casement for curtains and a simpler type of coffee table gain a further reduction in the total. Carpet being the heaviest individual item of most schemes, the greatest sacrifice in an economy budget is in floor-covering. This budget limits the choice to two moderate-sized rugs on stained boards. But chosen with care as to colouring, the effect need not be unpleasing.





Furnishings by Oetzmann

Women At Play

A WARDROBE exclusively for sport and the hours of leisure when we get into clothes designed for comfort and free movement is something to be reckoned with when every item of expenditure still further inflates overstrained budgets. The cost of sports equipment alone is quite formidable, making it all the more essential that the clothes for play should, as far as possible, have a dual purpose and be so designed that they have a practical application apart from play.

Happily, manufacturers have foreseen the problem, and more and more of them are producing sports clothes at reasonable prices and versatile enough to meet the problem of the strictly limited wardrobe.

Fortunately, summer materials make it possible for manufacturers to keep prices down to a reasonable level, where winter ones, which employ more wool, present a different problem. The extensive and varied use of rayon is an important factor. Slacks, shirts, dresses and, in fact, most types of leisure garment for summer, lend themselves to the use of rayon, which turns up in so many different guises that it can hardly be recognised as such. At the same time, the spectacular improvement in manufacturing methods ensures the first-class cutting and styling even in the less expensive garments, which is so indispensable to comfortable and good-looking sports wear.

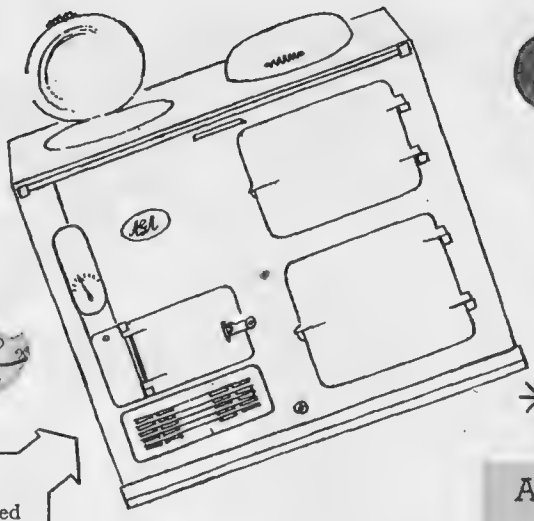
The clothes shown on this page have been chosen with a special view to their practical use in the minimum wardrobe. Some have a dual purpose. All of them have a place in a moderate and pleasing summertime wardrobe.

Small check sports shirt, £1 9s. 8d., to wear inside a skirt or outside white duck slacks, £2 7s. 6d. A rayon shirt and slacks suit (there are ten colours) costs £3 4s. 2d. complete. Londonus.

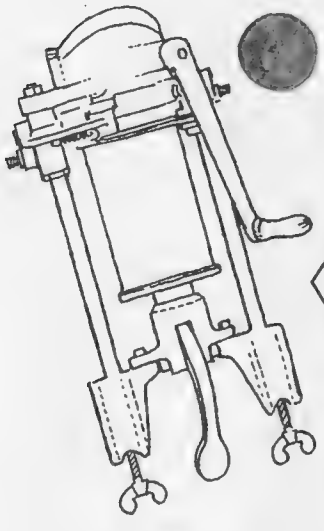
Jantzen's romper tennis tunic can be worn without the overskirt, £5 1s. 9d. Shirt-cum-bloomers underneath are all in one with an elasticised waist. Shorts on the right have jutting pockets to accentuate a neat hipline, 32s. 5d. Top right, a coarse linen golf suit with loose panel back smart enough for street wear, £8 8s. Above : a grey worsted divided skirt for sports or street wear, from £9, both by Londonus. Jantzen's nylon swim suit has a boned bra cuffed in contrasting colour. £3 11s. 3d.

Outlay for * * * * *

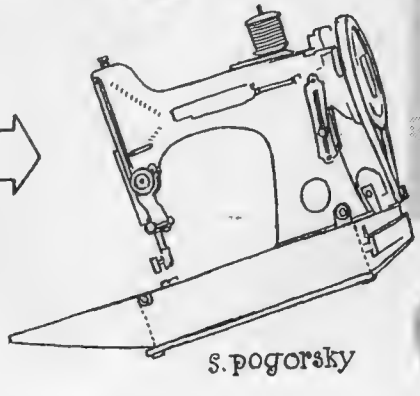
A capital outlay on new domestic equipment and sometimes just doesn't work the economics



A solid-fuel combined cooker and water-heater costing about £100 may prove a profitable long-term investment where the existing hot-water system is wasteful with fuel, and if the cost of installation can be kept reasonably low. It will not prove so economical a proposition for those who are not in a position to take full advantage of the cooking, water-heating and space-heating facilities it offers.



A home-canning machine costs £12 6s. 3d. and is an investment worth considering if a good supply of home-grown fruit and vegetables are forthcoming from garden, orchard or allotment. If, however, you plan to buy produce for canning at normal retail prices, then your home-canned food may not prove to be cheaper than the tinned food at the grocers, as the cost of the tins, which may be up to 5½d. each, must be taken into consideration.



A domestic sewing machine, which costs anything from £23 for a hand machine to £37 for an electric model, is a sound investment for most women, particularly for the housewife who has kiddies' clothes to make and household sewing jobs to do. Don't invest in a sewing machine in the sole expectation of dressing yourself more cheaply unless you can make something better than utility clothes for less than utility prices.

S. pogorsky

WE are unanimously agreed that times are difficult—as we were in 1945, or in 1938, for that matter, and—yes, in 1910, if we are old enough to remember and honest enough to admit it. But, granting that living conditions are now even more stringent than they were in the recent past, much can be done by an intelligent approach to that ever-present, yet so elusive commodity—money.

Prices are going up, or, to put it in a better way, the buying power of money is going down, and at least one fact emerges clearly: the great majority of families will have to meet the rising costs without a rise of income. It follows, therefore, that we shall be unable to purchase as many goods, services, comforts and amusements as, say, last year. In other words, our standard of living must go down.

Well, what to do about it? Economy is a wonderful word. It is one of those "New Year resolution" words that lead to things like renouncing tobacco and going to bed early. Resolutions which begin to waver about mid-January and are dead by the end of the month. So let us give it a more serious and more lasting meaning. Call it "husbanding our resources." It sounds a little pompous, but it is nearer the mark.

Let us give that fixed and too small amount of housekeeping money some really effective help by using our brains before opening our purse, by judicious and selective shopping; most of all, by a broader approach to housekeeping expenditure as a whole. Look at the outlay, not for a week, or for a month, but for a whole year.

In this way it may be possible to improve the whole outlook by reconsidering what we have hitherto thought of as inevitable spending. This, paradoxically, may require the laying out of money and needs explaining. Let us copy the industrialists with their factories, and by calling the home a "factory for comfort and happiness" it does not appear so bad.

Industrialists normally purchase raw materials and labour out of current takings, or income. In the same way, the housewife buys food, clothing, a little "help" and services. Industrialists also invest in what are called "capital goods." That is, buildings, plant, machinery. What about your capital goods? that is, your household equipment: what condition is it in? Is it really efficient? Would it be worth your while to buy new equipment, new appliances and, by increasing efficiency, save money?

Here, everything depends on individual circumstances, but let us assume that you have a household of five, with an average income, some savings and that you are living in your own house. Consider, for instance, your cooking, heating and hot-water system. Think of this as a whole. Does it work satisfactorily or is it wasteful? If you can, work out precisely, without forgetting anything, how much the existing system has cost in the last twelve months, taking in fuel.

ECONOMY

is sometimes justified by ultimate saving out. *A. J. Steylaers* discusses of the subject.

current, gas, maintenance and repairs. The total will surprise, if not stagger you.

Now, there are appliances on the market which claim to perform *all* these functions from one solid-fuel range. It is conceivable that such an appliance might save you quite a lot of "income expenditure" on fuel, gas, current. The initial cost may be heavy. If it is to heat rooms other than that in which it is placed, its installation costs will increase. Individual circumstances are bound to vary. You can only compare and judge.

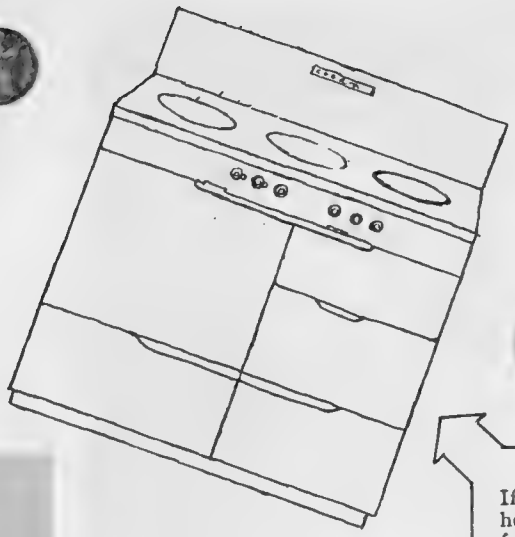
The same applies to other appliances. Say, a washing machine. Can you lay your hands on all your laundry bills for the last year? Do you know how much you spent on soap and detergents for washing at home? What is the total? Quite large? Find out how much soap you would need if you had a washing machine and ascertain how much the current would cost to work it. But don't forget that even with an automatic washer you might still have to send some things to the laundry. Your husband may object to shirts and collars home-laundered, and what about those dress shirts he is civilised enough, thank God, occasionally to wear? Consider your personal expenditure in energy. Ironing, folding and mangling will take time and effort.

After everything is added up, examined and compared, you can judge whether or not the investment is worth while, not before.

Investment is the right word for the initial cost of such appliances. Capital goods should not come out of income. However, if you want to be the complete "domestic economist," there are three items which must come out of current expenses. The first is the interest you will be losing the minute you withdraw savings to buy the new appliance. The second, in industrial jargon, is called "depreciation." Every year, through use and wear, the appliance will be worth a little less and it will end up by being worth nothing at all. You should allow a certain sum each year, out of income, to go back into the bank, gradually to make good the savings you have drawn out. The third item, repairs, small at the start, is likely to increase as the appliance gets older.

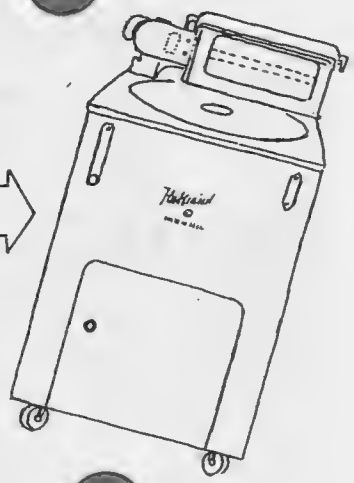
SO much for the financial side. Now for the personal one. Just how much you will get out of your acquisition in real money-saving depends largely on yourself. Appliances made by reputable firms will perform what the manufacturers claim. The only thing the makers cannot guarantee is the user. If something goes wrong in the beginning, nine times out of ten it won't be the machine's fault. Also, you must persevere. Casting it aside, once you have bought it, is just waste. That is why it is so important to weigh the pros and cons. Don't rush at it on the strength of a demonstration. Find out from other users how they have fared.

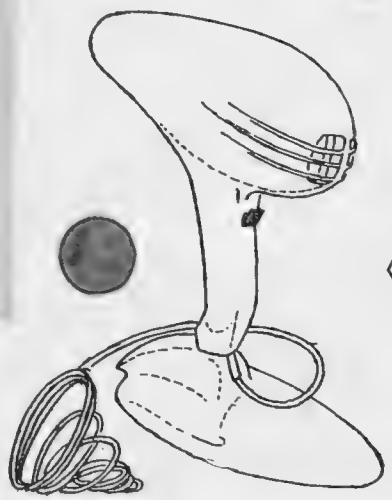
And even then, before embarking on large outlay, be reasonably sure that this is an economy that will really work.



If you cook for a large household, whether as a farmer's wife or the mother of a large family, an adequately-sized cooker will prove a saving in money and labour. Where it might be hard to justify an outlay of 60 guineas for this handsome cooker on financial grounds alone, it is the latest word in modern design and its labour-saving efficiency will lighten appreciably the task of food preparation.

With laundry charges as high as they are now, an electric washing machine is an economy in many households. It doesn't take much to calculate how soon the capital outlay of £80 or so will be returned on a saving in laundry bills. But it should not be overlooked that by undertaking the household wash there will be correspondingly more ironing to do, and more drying and airing accommodation required.





An electric hair-drier is a universally sound outlay for economy and provides a real saving for women who find hairdressing bills a heavy item of personal expenditure. The cost of a hair drier is only £6 12s. 6d., representing about a dozen shampoo-and-sets at a salon. By making it possible to dispense with two out of three visits to the hairdresser, it cuts the annual expenditure on hair care by nearly two-thirds.

EASY ON WOOL

MATERIALS : 5 ozs. "La Laine" Super Fingering 2-ply wool in white ; 1 pair No. 14 needles, 1 pair No. 9 ; 1 lightweight zip fastener 4 ins. long ; 1 pair small shoulder pads.
MEASUREMENTS : 36 to 38-in. bust.
TENSION : 7½ sts. to 1 in. and 9 rows to 1 in. approx.

BACK

With No. 14 needles, cast on 130 sts. Work in rib 3½ ins. (56 rows) as follows :

1st row.—k. 1, * k. 1, p. 1 ; repeat from * to end, k. last st.

2nd row.—k. 1, * k. 1, p. 1 (k. into back of k. sts. to give a twisted effect) ; repeat from * to end, k. last st. End with right side of work facing. Inc. to 134 sts. on last row as follows : inc. in the 16th st. and every following 33rd st. to end. Change to No. 9 needles and work in st. st., inc. 1 st. at each end of the ninth row and every following eighth row until there are 148 sts. and 9 ins. (89 rows) or desired length. End p. row.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next two rows, 3 sts. at beg. of next two rows, 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, dec. 1 st. at beg. of next four rows (122 sts.). Work until 25 rows from underarm. End p. row. Make darts. K. 43, k. 2 tog., k. 32, k. 2 tog., k. 43. Work five rows. K. 43, k. 2 tog., k. 30, k. 2 tog., k. 43. Work four rows.

Divide for neck opening as follows : P. 59, with a second ball, p. 59. K. 43, k. 2 tog., k. 14, with second ball, k. 14, k. 2 tog., k. 43. Work 5 rows. K. 43, k. 2 tog., k. 13, with second ball, k. 13, k. 2. tog., k. 43. Work 5 rows. K. 43, K. 2 tog., k. 12, with second ball, k. 12. k. 2. tog., k. 43. Work 5 rows. K. 43, k. 2 tog., k. 11, with second ball, k. 11, k. 2 tog., k. 43. Work 5 rows. K. 43, k. 2 tog., k. 10, with second ball, k. 10, k. 2 tog., k. 43. Work 5 rows.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 12 sts., k. 30, k. 2 tog., k. 9, with second ball, k. 9, k. 2 tog., k. to end. Cast off 12 sts. at beg. of next three rows beg. at shoulder edge, then cast off 13 sts. at beg. of next two rows. Cast off remainder.

(*Continued on page 70*)

TEENAGE PULLOVER

MATERIALS : 9 ozs. Copley's "Excelsior" 3-ply wool ; 1 pair No. 11 needles ; zip fastener.
MEASUREMENTS : Length, 23 ins. ; chest, 37 ins.

BACK

Cast on 120 sts. Rib k. 1, p. 1 for 4 ins. During last row inc. to 156 sts. ; inc. sixth st., then every third st., leaving 4 sts. at the end.

Now start pattern : k. 1, p. 1, s. 1 purlwise (wool on front of st.), p. 1, s. 1 purlwise, * p. 1, k. 1 (into back of st.), p. 1, k. 1 (into back of stitch), p. 1, k. 1 (into back of st.), p. 1, s. 1 purlwise, p. 1, s. 1 purlwise, p. 1, s. 1 purlwise, p. 1, s. 1 purlwise ; repeat from * ending row with k. 1.

2nd row.—Work sts. as they present themselves : k. knitted sts. ; p. purled and slipped sts. ; p. into back of the twisted k. sts.

3rd to 12th rows.—As 1st and 2nd row.

13th row.—Work first 5 sts. as 1st row ; * take wool to the back, insert right needle between sixth and seventh st. on left needle, pull wool through to the front, take this loop on to left needle and purl together with next st. Now work sts. in the loop, then p. 1, s. 1 purlwise 4 times, then repeat from *.

14th row.—As 2nd row. These 14 rows form pattern.

When work measures 13½ ins., shape armholes. Cast off 5 sts. at beginning of next two rows ; 4 sts. at beginning of next two rows ; 3 sts. next two rows ; 2 sts. next two rows ; then 1 st. at beginning of next four rows. When armholes measure 9½ ins.,

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 10 sts. at beginning of next four rows ; cast off 9 sts. at beginning of next four rows and cast off remaining sts.

FRONT

Work as back until armholes measure 7½ ins.

SHAPE FOR NECK

Cast off 15 sts. in the centre of the needle. Work both shoulders separately. Keeping armhole edge straight, (*Continued on page 70*)

Quiet Wedding

"QUIET" is no term to describe a wedding, even one without the full regalia of satin and orange blossom. Even a down-to-earth bridal outfit must have the gaiety and importance proper to the occasion.

Summer itself simplifies the choice of an outfit by offering such a variety of gay and practical materials. Simplicity of styling still permits the fullest measure of elegance if colours and accessories are happy.

The two-piece has much to commend it for a wedding, and is exemplified at its best in the outfit above (Roecliff and Chapman) in mushroom lace. The open coat covers a matching dress with a draped cross-over bodice. Shaded pink roses are tucked into the waist. The hat (from Jays of Oxford Circus), is in pink draped chiffon shading to black with a black bird mount.

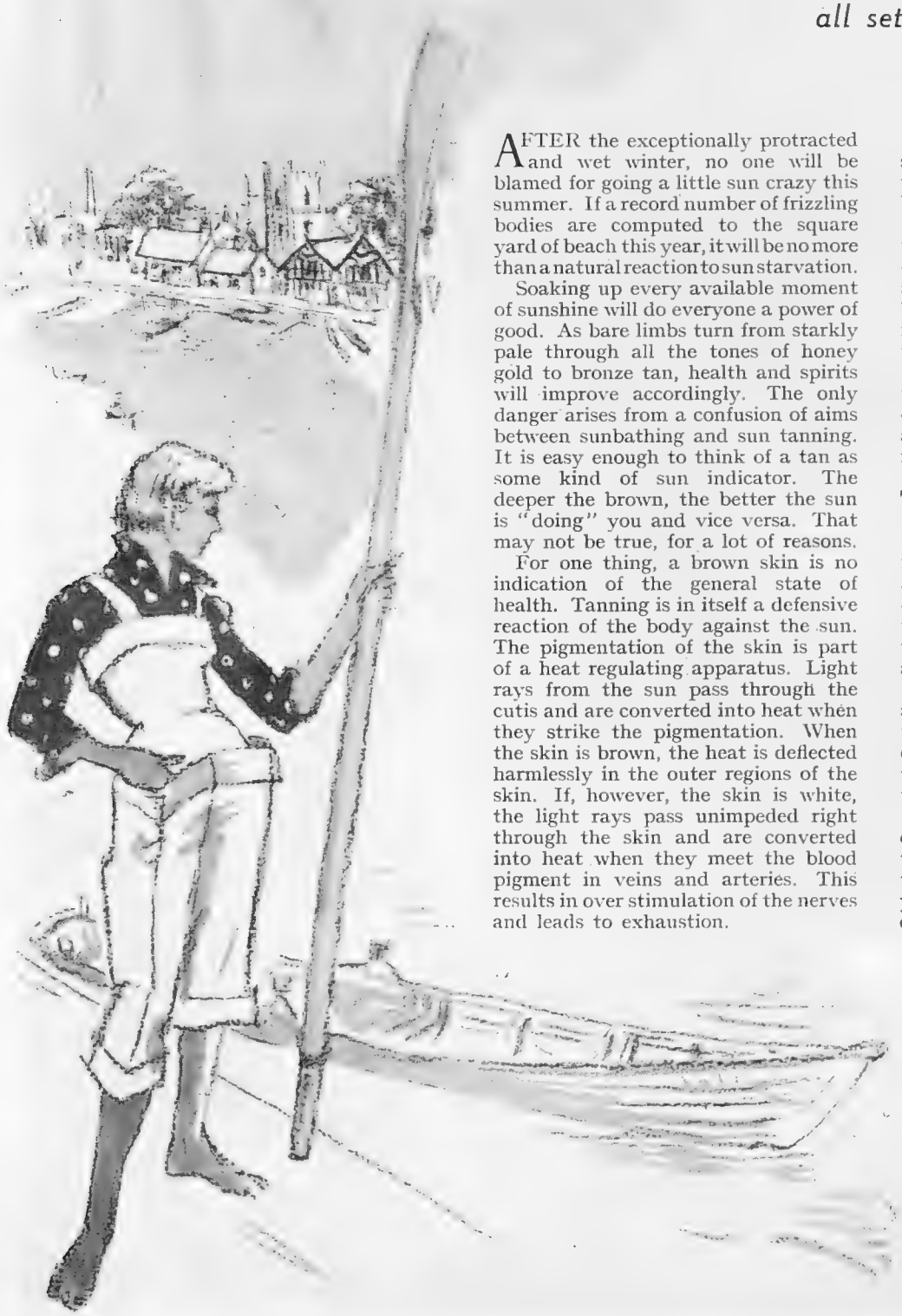
Mandell designed the pure silk print (Jays stock it) with yellow narcissi on an eggshell blue ground. The square neckline is folded and draped; the bias cut skirt swings into graceful movement. Jays also have the wide, flat-brimmed straw and the long black gloves.

An all-white outfit is a happy choice even for the quietest ceremony. The coarse straw boater with floating ends of chiffon worn with a white tailor-cut dress and black accessories would become any young bride.

Send a stamped, addressed envelope to BRITANNIA AND EVE, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, for full particulars of prices and retailers.

Tan for a Tonic

A word in season about sunbathing and tanning to those all set to take a sun cure



AFTER the exceptionally protracted and wet winter, no one will be blamed for going a little sun crazy this summer. If a record number of frizzling bodies are computed to the square yard of beach this year, it will be no more than a natural reaction to sun starvation.

Soaking up every available moment of sunshine will do everyone a power of good. As bare limbs turn from starkly pale through all the tones of honey gold to bronze tan, health and spirits will improve accordingly. The only danger arises from a confusion of aims between sunbathing and sun tanning. It is easy enough to think of a tan as some kind of sun indicator. The deeper the brown, the better the sun is "doing" you and vice versa. That may not be true, for a lot of reasons.

For one thing, a brown skin is no indication of the general state of health. Tanning is in itself a defensive reaction of the body against the sun. The pigmentation of the skin is part of a heat regulating apparatus. Light rays from the sun pass through the cutis and are converted into heat when they strike the pigmentation. When the skin is brown, the heat is deflected harmlessly in the outer regions of the skin. If, however, the skin is white, the light rays pass unimpeded right through the skin and are converted into heat when they meet the blood pigment in veins and arteries. This results in over stimulation of the nerves and leads to exhaustion.

Prolonged and unaccustomed exposure to the sun imposes a strain on the heat regulating mechanism of the body.

When sunbathing, particularly for the first time, everything should be done to assist the body in making an adjustment to the new temperature. Take things easily at first, and don't rush around in the midday sun until your body is accustomed to it. The body will have enough to do to cope with a natural rise in body temperature —which can be anything up to one and a half degrees—when the thermometer is registering a heat wave.

THE body is cooled by the evaporation of perspiration, so co-operate by drinking plenty of fluid. Nature will remind you by creating a thirst, anyway. A little salt added to the drinking water will make good the wastage of salt through perspiration which can add to the feeling of lassitude and fatigue.

This natural cooling system can be assisted by the right choice of clothing, too. It is more important to have clothes that are loose and light in weight than light in colour, whatever the conventions may say.

Normally the body makes a fairly quick adjustment to this rise in temperature, but not everyone has this natural power of adjustment. If you feel consistently fatigued and exhausted (*Continued on page* 76)

Health and Beauty by Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty problems, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.

Foundations Of Summer

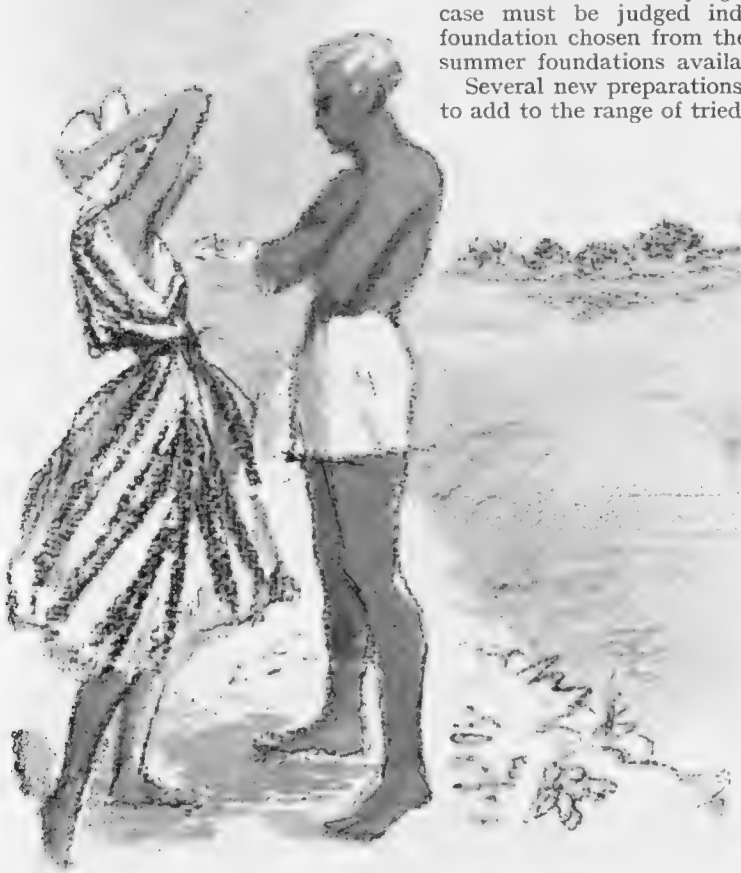
THE change-over from winter to summer make-up involves more than a switch to suntan face powder. Probably the most important adjustment to the changes in the natural skin tone during the summer months is in the choice of make-up base.

With a colourless foundation a change in the tone of the face powder may be sufficient, but when a tinted foundation is normally worn, a shade which flatters pale winter skins, will not look right on a honey-gold tan.

When choosing a summer-toned foundation, consider your complexion tint as objectively as possible. Reject all preconceived ideas and assess your skin colouring as if you had never seen it before. This is important, because skins in summer are not only darker, but may well be a different tone altogether. Suntan is a pigmentation of the dermis and is not the same as the "colour" which winter cold brings to the cheeks and owes its pinkish tinge to capillary blood. That is why tanned skins are often better suited with make-up from the ochre group rather than the pinks which give warmth to pale skins in winter.

Summer foundations may have to be of a different type from winter ones, for the action of the sun and air affects the condition of the skin. In most instances, the sun has a drying effect, to the great improvement of the oily skin. In this case, a less astringent foundation will be found to give a better finish to oily skins involving, say, a switch from a liquid to a lotion type foundation. This drying effect can be disastrous to already naturally dry skins unless they are safeguarded by a protective foundation. On the other hand, sunlight treatment is a miraculous skin cure, and an over-dry skin may well be normalized by a dose of sunshine, so it must not be taken as a hard and fast rule that summer foundations must be less drying than winter ones. Each case must be judged individually and the right foundation chosen from the comprehensive range of summer foundations available.

Several new preparations have appeared this year to add to the range of tried (*Continued on page 76*)



Summer Problem

THERE are few women who are not vexed by the perspiration problem in hot weather.

Perspiration within the skin is odourless. It is only when it comes into contact with the air that there is any danger of unpleasant odours. The use of anti-perspirants is recommended in cases where the perspiration is heavy. One good deodorant of this type gives twenty-four hour protection and is packed in a new patent spray bottle, making application easy and simple.

A new approach to the problem has been made with the production of a deodorant talc. This talc combines the texture and fragrance of an ordinary dusting powder with practical deodorant properties. It contains a special ingredient which does not interfere with healthful perspiration, but merely renders it odourless. A talc which keeps the skin fresh and fragrant, even when the body is most apt to perspire, will prove a hot weather boon.

A Question of Degree

WHAT are the prospects of employment for a girl just down from the university with an Arts degree? This is a question on which many parents and daughters have very optimistic ideas—until the search for a job has begun. The girls, flushed with natural triumph at being able to put B.A. after their names, are disappointed to find that they cannot step straight into a well-paid and interesting job, while the parents, depleted financially by two or three years' expenses in fees and keep, are dismayed to find they must make fresh sacrifices for further training. This is a sad and disillusioning state of affairs, raising many larger questions—educational, economic, practical and theoretical. Is it an overall picture of to-day?

THE situation was put at its worst by a large University Appointments Board who stated baldly that "There are no jobs for non-vocationally trained women graduates"; and as this gloomy pronouncement is to some extent backed up by other authorities and by personal experience, it is as well that parents and daughters should face it. One reason why young men get jobs and girls don't is summed up in the expressive phrase "marriage wastage," which explains itself. Another is that the labour market has so far not really adjusted itself to the idea that the best man *or woman* should get the job. A third is the greater degree of specialized knowledge that any job of responsibility demands to-day.

LET'S look very briefly and generally — because there are of course always the exceptions—at some of the practical openings for the trained and the "non-vocationally trained." Nearly all social work requires further training up to a year or more, on top of a degree—almoning, child care work, psychiatric social work, the Probation and the Youth Employment services; this applies also to personnel management (selection and proper employment, etc., of staff in offices and industry), a comparatively new career being developed by the Institute of Personnel Management and offering wide scope; academic posts must have a teaching training following on the degree; librarianship and secretarial posts need special training or a sound course in shorthand typing, and so on. Incidentally, the parental cry of despair that "only a secretarial job awaits our brilliant girl" should not be listened to over-seriously. The door to innumerable good jobs is by way of the secretary's office, and whether she makes the grade or remains in a useful but humbler capacity usually depends on the girl herself. It goes without saying that these last words hold the secret of most promotion in any job.

ON the brighter side of the picture, inquiries of employment bureaux and employers themselves reveal some few openings for girls straight from universities in which they will learn as they go and be paid as they learn. The Civil Service examinations admit a limited number of the best and brightest to administrative and, occasionally, executive posts. Some large retail and chain stores will train girls for positions as buyers, departmental managers and administrative posts, and provided the girls will get down to reality and make the most of such opportunities there are good and useful positions to be reached. The Laundry Services, seeking to upgrade an industry which is of importance to the community, has started a training scheme leading to good managerial and executive posts. Newspapers and magazines sometimes will give a start to a girl straight from college. It's a case of hearing of an opening and jumping to it.

IT may appear at first sight that an Honours Arts degree is of no real use to-day; that the universities are out of touch with the needs of a practical world of economic hardships; but the universities claim still that theirs is a preparation for life, theirs is a long-term view. A degree is not to be viewed as a job-catching label, though to-day more than ever before the university training is linked with employment. Though tangible results are obscured, there is the value of the mental training and the wider education, which are an enrichment for ever.

With, on the one side, the ideal of a liberal education, on the other, the practical career-building fact that: "If you've got what it takes you'll get there anyhow," the girl who can unite these successfully will go far.

Is a university degree a commercial asset and sufficient in itself to launch a young woman on a worthwhile career? LORNA LEWIS, M.A., discusses the problem of the girl graduate and the employment market to-day

The arms of the Worshipful Company of Frame Knitters, London, incorporated June 13, 1657, and still in use to-day

Past Masters Of The Knitting Pins

WOMEN televiewers were slightly shaken recently when television relayed a series of knitting demonstrations by a man. The novelty was increased by the fact that the knitter's skill was equal, if not superior, to that of the best of craftswomen.

As a matter of fact, and as a matter of history, too, the craft of knitting which women regard as exclusively their own is a modern acquisition of the sex. At one time the nation's best knitters were men and, indeed, at one time in our history, women were excluded from a professional status as knitters and this highly important craft was a "closed shop" for men.

DURING the Middle Ages, in the years of Crafts and Guilds, it took a man six years to qualify as a master-knitter. For three years he learned knitting from a qualified master who had to employ not less than six or seven apprentices. As with farming to-day, those early apprentices had to pay for their expert tuition.

When the apprentice had studied for three years in England, he was sent abroad in order to learn foreign techniques and wools and business methods—"to learn foreign perfection," as one contemporary document expressed it. More often than not—according to the same document—the only foreign perfection he returned with was a wife.

The apprentice, at all events, flushed with his new-found skill and knowledge, had to sit for a qualifying examination in knitting, which was drawn-up, supervised, and examined by a body of local master-knitters. The examination was extremely difficult, and would certainly baffle most women knitters to-day.

In the first place he had to knit a carpet (or rug, as we should call it), a woollen shirt, a pair of stout woollen socks (with clox), and a beret. Of these, the rug was by far the most arduous and intricate task, for it had to measure sixteen feet square, and was embroidered all over with flowers, foliage, birds and animals.

The design was the work of the apprentice himself, who was also held responsible for obtaining and devising the various dyed skeins of wool. In the early years of dyeing, that needed a good deal of ingenuity.

The apprentice might, if he wished, sit for this examination in his own home; or he might sit for it in a place appointed by the master knitters. If he chose his own home, he had first to swear an oath—in the presence of witnesses—that he would knit fair and not receive any assistance or advice. Moreover, the time limit for these tasks was thirteen weeks. Those who missed the closing day had to await the next examination, a year later.

MOST members of the Guild—or master-knitters' association—came to watch these annual tests, and the ceremony of proclaiming successful candidates, in their order of merit, was as colourful as the Welsh bardic rites, and very considerably more hilarious.

We know, from contemporary sources, that such annual examinations were regarded with suspicion and alarm by the authorities. The audience drank too much, and the ensuing bonfires were the cause of much destruction. It is recorded that one Dorset village was burned to the ground when successful apprentices lit bonfires of discarded wool.

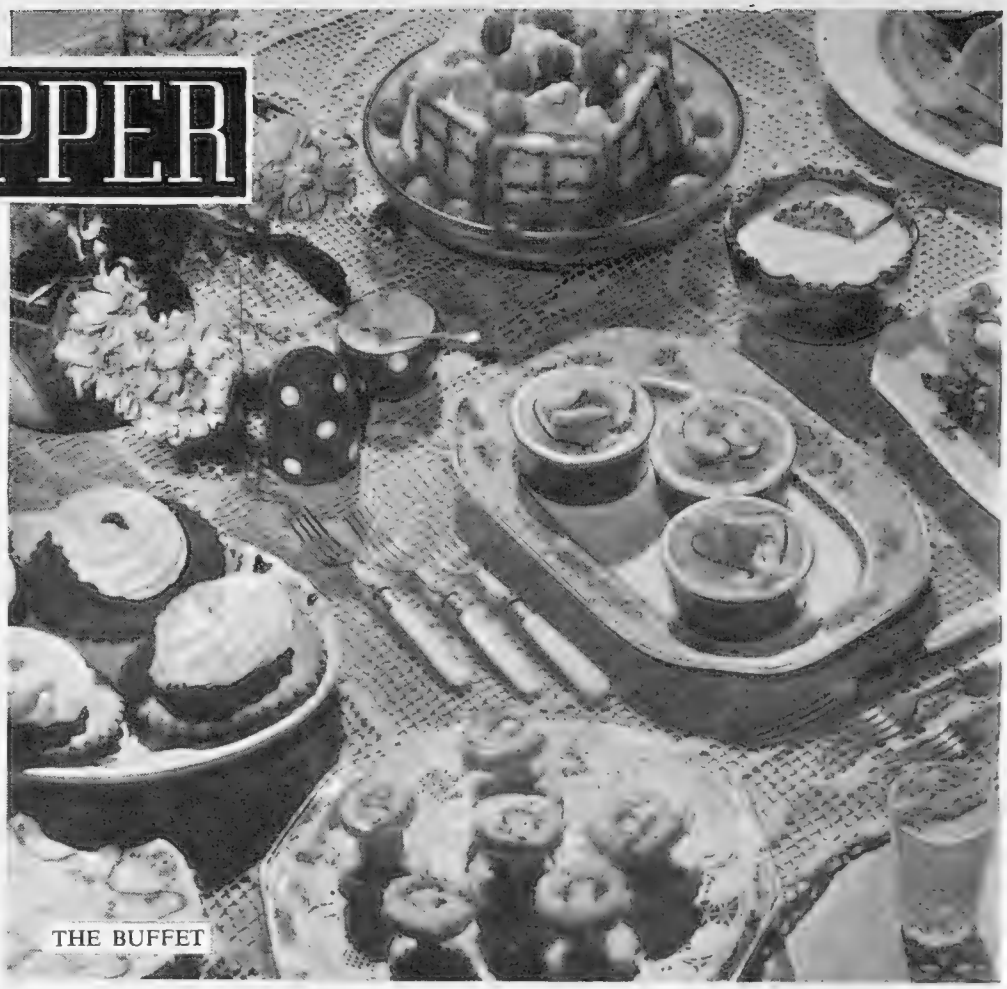
Knitting, in short, was at one time considered to be a manly accomplishment, like hawking and singing and dancing. For instance, Henry VIII once boasted that he could knit a bodice as surely as he could unhorse a rival in the jousts.

The decline of male knitters was not due to any profound psychological change in their attitude. It is explained far more prosaically. The machine age and the industrial revolution of the nineteenth century knocked the bottom out of true craftsmanship—as we all admit sorrowfully. The demand for lasting and handmade clothes wilted before the threat of cheap manufactured goods. The master knitters closed down or turned to the new machinery.

This machinery, being simple to handle, was worked by the cheapest possible labour—young girls and old women. To-day, at all events in England, the craft of knitting—and of lace-making—as a means of livelihood has nearly disappeared. It lingers only in (*Continued on page 62*)

FORK SUPPER

The type of buffet meal termed "fork supper" is indispensable for present day entertaining and can be adapted for many different occasions. The fare can include hot or cold, sweet or savoury dishes, so long as it is of a kind that can be eaten in picnic fashion with fork or fingers.



THE BUFFET

THE SAVOURIES

SAVOURY NESTS

Prepare some herb forcemeat with 4 oz. of breadcrumbs, 1½ oz. suet, tablespoonful chopped parsley, teaspoonful mixed herbs, squeeze of lemon and seasoning and milk to bind and a few drops of green colouring. Line little, well-greased muffin tins with forcemeat about ½ an inch thick. Bake at Regulo 4 or 325° F. about 20 minutes. Cool for a few minutes, spread inside well with meat paste and nearly fill with a mixture of cooked shredded cabbage heart and grated carrot. Return to the oven and warm through.

Meanwhile prepare a stiff paste to mould in the hand with 2 oz. grated cheese, about ½ a packet cream cheese. Cream together and shape into little eggs. Garnish each nest with about 3 eggs. Sprinkle a few specks of paprika pepper on each. Serve hot with watercress.

POTATO BOUCHÉES

Make mixture as for potato cakes with 8 oz. cooked potato, 4 oz. flour, 2 oz. margarine, 1 egg. Rub fat into flour, add potato, seasoning and egg and form a soft dough. Roll out on floured board about 1 inch thick. Cut round about 3 inches across. With second cutter (1½ inches across) cut rounds in centre, not quite cutting through. Brush over with milk or egg and sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake in good oven, Regulo 6 or 375° F. about 20 minutes. Remove centres from cakes. Meanwhile prepare a filling of corned beef creamed with sauce tartare. Fill cases, replace centre piece on top and serve hot.

SAVOURY ÉCLAIRS

Ingredients: Short pastry; 2 oz. grated cheese; 1 tablespoonful evaporated milk; 1 finely chopped gherkin; seasoning; 1 dessertspoonful tomato sauce.

Line éclair tins with pastry. Trim to correct shape. Mix cheese with gherkin and evaporated milk. Fill éclairs with mixture. Damp edges of pastry with milk. Cover with pastry lids; press edges together. Remove from tins and fry both sides in smoking hot fat. Serve hot.

SALMON BOATS

Take some long dinner rolls with pointed ends. Split in half. Scoop out centre leaving ¼ inch border and a narrow bar across either end to represent seats. Brush over with melted margarine and bake in slow oven, Regulo 3 or 300° F. till golden. Line bottom with very finely diced cucumber. Cream some tinned salmon with a little margarine and anchovy sauce. Fill boats. Smooth with knife. Cut sails from round of lemon cut lengthways and stick in centre. These rolls can be served hot or made with unbaked rolls and served cold with salad.

ASPIC STARFISH

Ingredients: 1½ oz. semolina; 2½ oz. flour; 1½ oz. margarine; seasoning; a little milk; 2 oz. minced ham; 1 small jar potted meat; ½ pint tomato chaud-froid sauce; a few finely chopped nuts.

Melt margarine. Work in flour, seasoning and semolina to form soft dough, adding a little milk if needed. Roll out on well floured board about ¼ inch thick. Cut with star shaped cutter dipped in flour. Turn points a little to resemble starfish. Bake in moderate oven, Regulo 4 or 325° F. about 20 minutes. When cold spread with mixture of ham, potted meat and margarine creamed together.

Prepare Chaud-froid:

Make ½ pint tomato sauce. Prepare 2 tablespoonfuls of aspic jelly (powder for aspic jelly can be bought) and mix this into sauce.

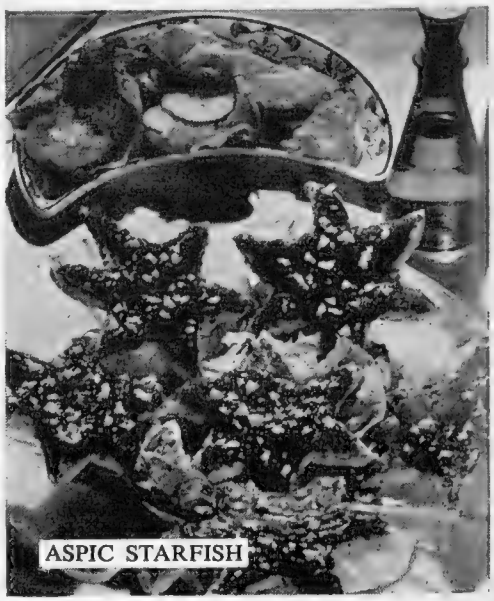
When nearly setting coat each star fish. Sprinkle on a few nuts. Serve cold with individual salads.

KEDGEREE CUPS

Boil about 3 oz. of rice in ½ pint of milk. Cook till tender and liquid absorbed. Strain. Season and add 1 oz. margarine. Let cool. Line waxed containers or little ovenware dishes with rice border. Stand 4 rounds of cucumber round sides of each. Mix about a gill of white sauce with a jar of salmon and shrimp paste. Fill cases with layers of rice and sauce. Garnish with a few shrimps or a prawn on each.

HOUR GLASSES

With a 1½-inch cutter cut out small rounds of bread. Cut out small round from centre of each leaving a firm ring. Beat yolk of an egg and mix in a dessertspoonful grated cheese. Brush rings with mixture and fry quickly till golden in smoking hot fat. Set on tray to cool. Cut narrow strips of cucumber 2 inches long. Sandwich a little of same cheese mixture as used in éclairs between 2 strips and put through 2 rings. Alternatively, any of the following can be used instead of cucumber to join rings together: little slices of cold sausage with a smear of chutney between; strips of cold forcemeat with fish paste between, and so on.



ASPIC STARFISH

THE SWEETS

SWEETS must combine a festive look with simplicity in the making. The first recipe introduces ice cream but even if you have no frig. you can order ice cream locally. This will keep well for some hours provided it is in a perfectly airtight container; for instance it can be well wrapped in newspaper and placed in a tin.

FESTIVAL TRIFLES

Line individual sweet dishes with a few small macaroons. Soak them with about a glass of sherry. Cover with a layer of chopped fresh strawberries. Take ½ a pint of fruit juice and dissolve ¼ oz. gelatine in it. Leave to cool. Whip ¼ pint synthetic cream, flavour to taste with sherry. When jelly is nearly setting fold in cream and pour on to fruit. Just before serving put a portion of ice cream on each, with 2 cream wafer biscuits stuck in and decorate with a few sugar cake decorations or strawberries.

BATTENBURG CHARLOTTE

Buy or make a sponge round and about 1 lb. of Battenburg cake (squared cake, surrounded with marzipan), split sponge in half, cut a trench about ½ inch deep round edge of one half. Smear bottom with jam and stand slices of Battenburg in the jam, sealing sides together with jam. Take a bottle of cherries or ½ lb. stewed fresh cherries. Cut second half of round into pieces about an inch square. Whip ½ pint of mock cream. Fill centre of charlotte with layers of sponge, cherries and cream. For top layer remove edge from 2 slices of Battenburg and separate the squares. Dot the top with the little squares in alternate colours, rosettes of cream and cherries and knots of marzipan.

MERINGUE SHORTBREADS

Ingredients: 4 oz. margarine; 8 oz. flour; 1 oz. cocoa; 3 oz. sugar; tablespoonful milk; gill mock cream; coffee essence; 2 oz. chopped shelled walnuts; 2 oz. chopped dates; meringues.

Rub fat into flour; add sugar. Make a paste of cocoa and milk and work into other ingredients to form a soft dough. Roll out on floured board to about ¼ inch thick. Cut out rounds about 3 inches across. Bake in moderate oven, Regulo 4 or 325° F. about 20 minutes. Cool, make a stiff cream flavoured with coffee. Chop nuts and dates small and mix with the cream. Put a spoonful of cream on each shortbread with a half meringue on top.

COCONUT SOUFFLÉS

Ingredients: 3 oz. grated coconut; 2 oz. castor sugar; 2 oz. margarine; 4 oz. cake crumbs; ½ glass sherry; 1 tablespoonful milk; 2 eggs.

Cream margarine and sugar together. Mix in coconut, crumbs, sherry and milk. Add yolks of egg well beaten. Whisk egg whites stiffly and fold into mixture. Well grease small soufflé dishes and half fill with mixture. Bake in moderate oven, Regulo 5 or 350° F. about 20 minutes.

PRUNE AND LEMON CHEESE CAKES

Ingredients: 1 oz. rice; ½ pint milk; 2 eggs; 12 oz. short pastry, sweetened with 1 oz. sugar; 1 oz. margarine; grated rind 1 lemon; a cupful cooked prunes.

Line patty tins with pastry. Boil the rice in the milk till tender and creamy, add sugar. Beat in margarine. Add grated lemon rind and egg yolks. Chop prunes and put a little in the bottom of each patty. Cover with rice mixture. Whisk whites of egg with a dessertspoonful of castor sugar and pile on top. Bake in a moderate oven, Regulo 5 or 350° F. for about 15–20 minutes. These cakes are equally good hot or cold, decorated with whipped cream and a glacé cherry.

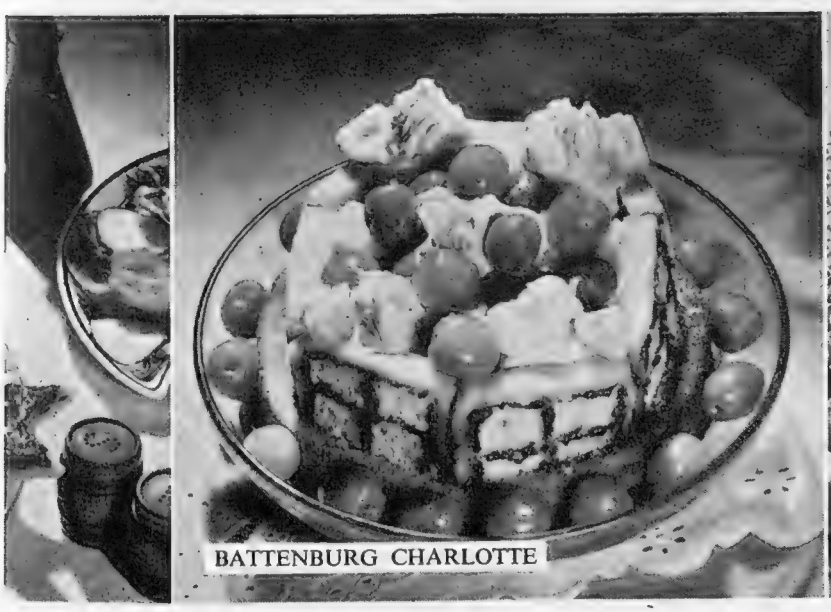
Prune Fool

Prunes can also be used for a fool. Cook prunes slowly in a little water and two good tablespoonfuls of golden syrup until tender. Long, slow cooking improves the flavour. Cool and pass through a hair sieve. Pile into individual glasses. Just before serving, put a spoonful of thickly whipped cream on top of each with 4 thin segments of grapefruit and a glacé cherry. A little of the juice from the grapefruit improves the flavour of the fool.

Harriet Muir

Dish Of The Month

BRAISED duckling and green peas is one of the most delicious dishes that June can offer. To prepare, fry 2 oz. diced ham and 2 or 3 sliced onions in margarine. Remove and, in same fat, brown duckling all over. Drain away surplus fat. Place duckling in a casserole with the ham and onions, and add 1 pint stock, bouquet of herbs and a bay-leaf. Braise for a good hour in slow oven, Regulo 3. Thicken and brown gravy. Garnish duckling with slices of orange, surround with ham, and serve with green peas and new potatoes.



BATTENBURG CHARLOTTE

FESTIVAL TRIFLE

The Facts of the Matter

WE are living in a unique age when information is handed to us, one might say almost hourly, by the Press. Newspapers and periodicals freely publish information about health and disease. This is a good thing in many ways, though one objection to this spate of information, particularly when epidemic "scares" are in the news, is that the public is alarmed by what it reads since the individual is not in a position to relate isolated facts to the whole background picture. Thus the impression gains ground that disease and sudden death are on the increase whereas the real facts do not support this view.

In the first place there are four times as many people in this country to-day than was the case one hundred years ago. Secondly, the population is an ageing one. In 1841 only sixteen people out of every hundred lived to see their forty-fifth birthday. To-day, on the other hand, thirty-five people out of every hundred will be able to light sixty-five candles or more on their anniversary cake. Thirdly, the birth-rate is falling, so it should now be obvious why, at a casual glance, the incidence of disease appears to be on the increase.

The facts are that with four times more people, a third of whom are elderly, we must expect to see a death-rate relative to the population figures.

Elderly people are obviously more likely to die than younger ones, and as the proportion of old folk in the population grows, and it appears to be doing so steadily, one is tempted to assume that tuberculosis, cancer, heart and other diseases are claiming more victims. This is correct only in the sense that more people die every year than formerly because there are more people to die. In the nature of things, elderly folk run a greater risk of disorders such as cancer and heart disease, but out of a mixed group of every hundred people there is no evidence to show a greater liability than before.

"VITAL STATISTICS" is an awe-inspiring term. It is that branch of mathematical science which gathers certain information about human beings and deduces from it numerical facts about their lives. You will want to know whether all this knowledge is really vital and if so how is it going to help us in the future?

Vital statistics give the Registrar-General impersonal pictures of family health. Good health and bad occur as a result of social benefits or evils. That is to say we cannot hope to remain fit and survive to a ripe old age unless we live and work in suitable hygienic conditions. These conditions must be regularly checked and studied so that recommendations may from time to time be made for improving our welfare. One example alone explains the point. In the past vital statistics proved that infants of poor parents developed more illnesses and died in greater numbers than those born into well-to-do families. The nation had to face the humiliating reality that one section of the public was not getting a square deal. To-day every infant's chance of a healthy childhood is improved.

THE responsibility for a nation's well-being depends upon the law-makers, but before any government can do the job to the best of its capacity it must have facts to work on. These facts are revealed through the census, through birth, marriage and death registrations and from the notification of infectious diseases. Co-operation in these matters shows an intelligent appreciation by the community of their responsibility to assist in bettering the lot of their fellow men. It is probable that earlier investigations of this kind were not based on such lofty ideals, but merely provided the means by which the State discovered how and where money could be raised and men recruited in time of war.

EVEN at a quick glance no one can fail to be impressed by the striking improvements medical and sanitary science have made to our lives. In 1851 these islands had a population of 11,000,000 souls as against 48,000,000 in 1951. Had you been born in the year 1851 you might have expected to live until you were fifty-nine and your husband until he was forty years old. In the course of normal events a daughter born to you in 1949 will probably live until she is over seventy and a son until he is over sixty-six years of age.

A further explanation of the declining death-rate to-day lies in the fact that medical diagnosis has improved. Fifty years ago some types of heart disease had not yet been recognized, and diagnosis of cancer was often uncertain, therefore many cases were never spotted. Sensational newspaper reporting of epidemics can also give a false impression, not by falsifying the facts but by making the risk of infection appear to be higher than it is. During a poliomyelitis scare, for instance, the risk of infection varies from four to 183 persons in every million of the population. The death-rate is one for every twenty who fall victim to the disease. Worked out in terms of the population, there is only one chance in a hundred thousand that any one particular person will die of this disease, even in a really serious epidemic.

Enough has been said to show the folly of accepting isolated facts as the proof of serious issue. No single statement about disease or death conveys any real picture of national welfare. Scientific evidence shows beyond dispute that we are an extremely healthy race.

Is disease on the increase or not? Are we more likely than we were to succumb to one of the complaints so much publicised to-day?

by

Dr. Rose May M.D.

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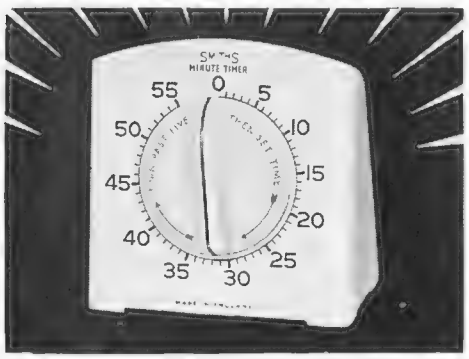

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THE LURE OF THE LITTLE ANTIQUE

By Lilian M. Eason

IT is quite useless for scoffers to dismiss the lure of antiques as a craze or phase. Once you recognize the signs and symptoms of collecting, even in the humbler fields, you may as well give up all hope of passing any and every antique shop or gallery; especially those that display the little antique.

Such a lovely little shop in the Festival Gardens will draw those of us who collect in a humble way, and enthrall the overseas visitor who is looking for treasure trove to take "back home."

This drifting towards the magic sign "*Antiques*," wafts the collector—especially the beginner—into a world of fantasy, and those who live in it will vouch for the recurrent delight and satisfaction it affords to the lover of beauty and tradition.

A rare and romantic atmosphere surrounds the collector to the exclusion of all else, and adventure is his for life.

For what one collects is of little importance. But how it is sought after, and spotted, is not only important, but wholly fascinating and absorbing, and not without an element of danger!

"*Antiques*" will blot out every other shop sign, every other person, and every other project, as one rushes across the road—narrowly escaping collision with a fast running car—to where treasure is displayed for our enticement.

Having arrived, the antique addict will stand with body bent, and eyes swiftly roving over porcelain and precious jewellery which was worn or used in the far-off days of grace and space.

As you enter the hushed atmosphere of an antique shop, there is an excited, exhilarated feeling not to be found elsewhere. It is more pronounced if one is collecting specifically, for then the eye penetrates every recess, nook and cranny of an antique shop until the coveted object is revealed. It is remarkable how one develops a "sense" for the shop, however unpromising from outside, where one may produce a find.

Then comes the elegant approach to price. I say elegant, because nine out of ten proprietors of genuine antique establishments, are sensitive to a true appreciation of the old and beautiful and will talk to the novice collector, reverently unfolding the history or mystery surrounding the lovely or quaint collector's piece.

ONE always feels enriched in mind after a browse amongst rare and beautiful things which were in an age when beauty and craftsmanship had some real value and there is the curious and lovely sensation of being linked with the past when holding one of its treasures.

That is the romantic side of collecting. There is another and more discouraging aspect against which not even the connoisseur is infallible.

I refer to being fobbed off with a fake. This is something against which the amateur collector should be especially guarded, since the proportion of fake antiques, is large and many of them are cleverly contrived.

OF course, the trinket, small piece of porcelain, silver or glass, is quite likely to prove a "find" from one of the many family collections acquired for sale through waning fortunes. One must be specially careful of "oriental" pieces which might well deceive the amateur.

I heard of one collector recently who, more ardent than advised, was browsing in search of a birthday gift for a friend with a fine collection of Chinese ceramics. He espied a tiny cup and saucer similar in shape to a Chinese guest cup.

Requesting the assistant to take it from the case, he handled it carefully, looked at the rather gaudy colouring, then suggested that it might be Japanese and not in any sense antique. Now that observation was a definite step in the right direction towards a measure of sound knowledge concerning such "pieces." Unfortunately, the ardent amateur relied upon the false assurance of the assistant, who stated that although he would not guarantee the cup to be of any particular period, he would say that it was Chinese and fairly old.

The cup changed hands, and still doubting the authenticity of its age and origin, the ardent amateur duly presented it to his friend. He received it graciously and for the thought which it betokened, but in response to a demand from the donor for the unhappy truth which he had sensed.

The cup was modern, quite valueless, and most certainly *not* Chinese, and one more crestfallen amateur had learned a valuable lesson in the art of collecting.

A miscellaneous collection of small antiques and objects offers a wide scope of interest, not only to the collector, but to his friends and acquaintances.

Small objects displayed in a "bijoutry" case or a corner cabinet, will delight and entertain the owner and his visitors for all time. Old card cases in silver, ivory, tortoiseshell or mother-of-pearl, snuff boxes, scent bottles, old lace-making bobbins with their carving and spangles, lockets, netsukis, and innumerable lovely relics of an age when craftsmen took pride in their work, will bring something of the finer side of living to all lovers of beauty. From this stage of collecting, one goes to the porcelain figure, the exquisite and colourful Chinese bowl, the mellow ring of a Napoleonic brandy goblet, and so on. There are many pitfalls in the lure of the "little" antique, but in the quest for perfection and knowledge of collecting, there are dreams.

END

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Caesar

(*Continued from page 28*)

gondola, painted green with yellow panels, each decorated with a bright painting of flowers; and the rest were nondescript affairs, shabby and down at heel. Each one had its steps let down, the steps that are like the drawbridge of a fortress, for when the caravans are on the road the steps are pulled up and look like sledge runners at the back of the vehicles. It was, alas for the poor old horse, all too easy to guess that he belonged to the owners of one of the more decrepit of the vans—as easy as to guess that the gondola was drawn by the smart piebald, whose passage through the villages would be watched by many bright-eyed children, who would try hard not to think of his tail as they made their wishes. For the wish you make when you see a piebald pony always comes true, so long as you do not think of his tail.

We saw him go when the hop gardens were cleared—plodding along with the same industry which he applied to his grazing. There was something still about him; years ago, when Charlie Chaplin was at his zenith, he exploited that some something—how many of his pictures ended with a pathetic yet oddly jaunty figure busily trudging a lonely road?

He left us to take the wooden house, which was home and railway carriage in one, to the potato fields and then the last harvest of the year will be brought in and the Romanys will go to their winter camps and stay there until the spring work calls them out again.

Then what will happen to Caesar?

If the harvests have been extra good, and the gipsy owner is therefore feeling well-off, having earned more money than usual, Caesar will be unshod and turned out to grass for the winter months. If, on the other hand, the harvests have been average or poor, Caesar represents a great and unnecessary expense. He has to be fed for months at a time when there is no work for him to do and when food is at its dearest. The most willing horse cannot graze when the ground is covered with snow, or hard with frost, and travelling people have no place of their own where they can grow winter feed. Also, if he has heavy work at the busy times of the year, he must be well fed while he is resting, and he will need grain as well as hay to get back into condition before he starts his journeys again.

So his owner reckons up his takings.

The pea harvest was very bad, the strawberries excellent, hops fair and potatoes poor. On balance he has come out about as usual. He has enough to see himself and his family through the difficult days until spring finds him on his travels again—he has not enough to keep his horse.

He must, therefore, take the patient beast to the horse fair serving that part of the district which he has been working. There will be all the fun of the fair—the roundabouts, whose ostriches and unicorns, with their shining brasses, go up and down and round and round to the raucous blare of the steam organs, and the swingboats which go higher and higher till it seems they must tip out the people swinging in them, and the rifle ranges, the boxing booths and the coconut shies, back once more, and the Try-your-strength, and the fortune tellers, and the Fat Lady and all the other noisy and exciting things which make a fair the pleasure it is.

But for the wandering Romanys, the real business of the fair centres in the ring where the horses are sold, and where they show the paces of the animals they cannot afford to keep and which they will replace in the New Year.

The buyers will be farmers looking for a useful animal to draw carts, perhaps to draw a horse-hoe or a plough; perhaps small tradesmen, wanting a horse to pull a delivery van; the piebald, so much younger and better looking, could even be trained for work in a riding school. One feels that he will fare better than his sober friend, for whom, at least, one may wish a good master and work not too heavy.

Hail, Caesar—and farewell.

END

Jersey Lily

(*Continued from page 26*)

genial nonchalance before going early to bed.

He began to curse Lindsell for the expenditure of heavy fares when he could have relaxed as easily at Brighton. The background was evocative, yet it was but background. Only Mary could animate the scene and give it personal significance for him.

Hamlet without the ghost. . . .

Jonathan smiled wryly at the thought. The ghost without Hamlet, rather, and the lonely bed taunted his sense of incompleteness. Desire without an object was tormenting; desire with an object sharply defined but mockingly beyond him was maddening. He went over the details of their quarrel; one of so many, yet different; more certain in its impending finality. The banter and taunts that had preceded their previous partings had had an underlay of laughter; the prospect, even the promise, of eventual reconciliation. But this time there had been malice, almost a delight to wound, and an evident satisfaction when the thrusts had drawn blood. They had both been culpable; responding as they always did to the other's mood; counting it a loss of pride to give less than they received. Ah well, recriminations got one nowhere, and if the soft climate of Jersey in autumn had its healing quietness for him, he could see no hope of its solving their dual problem.

"Reduce your speed," Jim had said. Well, if he had, personally, what did it profit if they never met?

Physical tiredness from his walking was countered by his body's frustration and his mind's malaise. Sleep for long eluded him and when it came it was fitful and offered little refreshment.

He woke to a bright morning and indulged his lassitude by breakfasting late. Lack of alternatives, rather than any direct desire, prompted him to contemplate church. Thus Mary and he had occupied their first Sunday morning. He had no recollections of it, beyond watching his wife; marvelling in the still new sense of possession, even then with its undercurrent of insecurity.

He paused during the climb to St. Simon's to admire patches of the leafless Jersey lily, still a translucent pink in the mellow autumn light. He had called Mary his "Jersey Lily" in the light-headed abandon of the honeymoon. It seemed stupid now—and so far away. Tiger lily, perhaps. . . .

St. Simon's would be dull, but it would fill the morning, and he could sit at the back and meditate the failure of his senseless excursion.

But when he entered the old church whose granite still appeared to present an unhallowed newness, Jonathan changed his mind. In the second pew was a graceful woman with a hat that he would have stared at in Mayfair.

He could not describe it; only its effect upon him. His first reaction was to admit its brilliant success—and its unexpectedness. It would have drawn a man's eyes anywhere, and the total effect of the woman was such that he spent most of the service speculating the personality of one whose dress was so fashionable, so feminine and so totally seductive. He sat two rows behind her, and never since his honeymoon had a service passed more quickly or more pleasantly. The only tempering regret was that the young woman never turned to feed his hopes with a glance at her face.

Even the visiting (*Continued on page 58*)

Millions Agree with Fashion Models

"You need Dreft's *special* care to keep silks shimmering bright!"

COUNTLESS housewives share the fashion models' secret of keeping silky things rainbow-fresh as new!

Many write and tell us about their washing experiences. Here's one of them — Mrs. Pat Stinchcombe, 16 Rochester Rd., Bristol, 4 — who says: "Dreft worked a real miracle on my red, white and green striped dress. Before giving it a dip in Dreft the stripes had a 'run' look. Now it's like a lovely new frock for my wardrobe! But then, *all* silks and woollies need Dreft's special care."

Only Dreft can give this special care!

Dreft is different — contains none of the harsh ingredients which can harm fine fabrics. Dreft is *really safe!* In fact, for coloured woollens — and you know what care *they* need — Dreft is safer than even the finest soap flakes.

Mrs. Stinchcombe
"Now I've got a lovely 'new' frock for my wardrobe — thanks to Dreft."

So use Dreft for *all* the family's woollens and silky things — your own jumpers, vests and panties, stockings, blouses, will be so much brighter and nicer to wear. Dreft keeps Father's socks and sweaters, Baby's little woollies, clean and comfy, too. Everything *looks lovelier, lasts longer*, with a regular dip in Dreft!

One more point — dishwashing with Dreft is so much *faster, easier, cleaner.* Dreft can't form scum, and this means *no* streaky glassware or dishes, *no* tedious sink cleaning. Everything's clean and sparkling! And, being so very mild, Dreft is *really kind* to your hands!

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"LATEST-THING-IN WHITE BLOUSES DESERVE DREFT'S SPECIAL CARE!"

says Audrey White

"In the shops now are these new silk jersey blouses which look like pique but are soft and creaseless," reports leading fashion model, Audrey White. "They're very smart and Dreft keeps them snowy. *You know, Dreft is wonderful — it keeps all my silky things looking glamorous as any I've shown at fashion salons!"*

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preacher, virile and breaking the dragging rhythm of the service, failed to hold his attention.

Seduced by a hat and provoked by the back of a well-dressed woman! Jonathan laughed at the absurdity. But it was an absurdity acutely real.

He waited with impatience for the close of the service and decided to linger in his pew until she had passed him. He sat waiting for her departure and when it came he was dumbfounded. The woman was young and had been beautiful, but her face was marred by a terrible scar that appeared to have blinded her. But still one cheek was unblemished and like a damask rose. Her figure was all that he had imagined, and she had poise and presence; an atmosphere of grace and serenity. Her taste was clearly the flowering of a fine mind.

Jonathan sat longer than he had intended, and then, bewildered, walked down the nave; almost the last to leave. His gaze followed the woman ahead of him as they emerged into the sunlight.

Only suddenly, with a startling suddenness, did he see the preacher before him, his doctor's hood over his arm. Of course, the usual fatuous, "Good morning." Better go through the motions and then resume his musings.

But the man surprised him. He merely smiled, as though divining Jonathan's thoughts. Then, following his gaze towards the departing woman, he said quietly, "No sermon can compete with beauty. . . ."

The unexpectedness of the comment so surprised Jonathan that all he said was, "How right you are!" He realized that it was the familiar idiom of friends. He stared thoughtfully at the stranger to estimate its reception. There was no evidence of affront. Instead the man smiled and said quietly, "Alas, how few realize that goodness can be seductive, too."

Jonathan pondered the disconcerting remark before replying. He was glad there was no one within earshot.

"I have only your word for that," he said.

"Of course. And a preacher is suspect? But it happens to be the word of one man to another. She—she is my sister."

Jersey Lily

"Lucky man," Jonathan said hurriedly, but he could not keep the warm sincerity from his voice. "Good morning, sir; I am glad I came." He turned sharply and left the churchyard by another gate.

HE returned from Jersey by air, because he was impatient for action. The picture of the woman was vivid in his mind and the words of her brother still provoked him. As he measured them, they seemed to acquire an added, personal significance.

From the airport he wrote to Mary, care of her bank. He wrote, simply: Goodness can be seductive.

Somehow he thought she would share his astonishment at the unexpectedness of the phrase and perhaps assess it as he had done.

If she were away it might be several days before she replied—if she replied at all.

He tried to immerse himself in business, but concentration eluded him.

It was three days before her reply came. He opened it nervously. It said, simply:

I am not feeling good.

So typical—and so maddening. He did nothing, not knowing what to reply without courting a rebuff. Then, to his surprise, after a week she wrote again. These obstinate silences in the past had so often been broken by him. Was it a new contrition in her that she should make a move? His hesitation was dispelled by what he read. . . .

Fool, Jim told you to look back. If you had not been so besotted by that woman, you would have seen me at the back of the church—M.

P.S. I have bought a new hat.

For once Jonathan had no hesitation about his reply, and no desire to wound. He recounted simply, objectively and without comment the whole incident at the church. He felt that there was about it the finality of a conversation. For him, at least.

He allowed himself a personal intimacy only in the postscript. He wrote:

I now look back through the arches of the years. I see only you.

Mary came home next day.

END

A MESSAGE for MOTHER

When your child refuses good food at mealtimes, looks pale and listless — these are often signs the youngster is constipated. When you notice them, act at once, Mother!

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Monte Carlo Must Expand . . . Or?

(*Continued from page 25*)

"Charlie's Mount." That was when old Prince Louis was alive. To his horror, American "fruit machines" and similar forms of gambling were installed in the lobby of the Casino; the old stagers who so strangely resemble London's Old Kensingtonians, the women's hats all bugles and dead birds, passed them by, cutting them dead and passed on inside to what is known as the "Kitchen," but some of the youngsters tried the machines, but there was not enough machine-made lucre to bring grist to the Casino mills.

Then came the war and the Casino's takings naturally suffered.

Directly after the war there was an influx to the Casino, but expenses had risen so tremendously that the amounts brought in by the *cagnotte*, the house percentage on winnings at all forms of Casino gambling, were not enough to make ends meet. Then someone mentioned a strange American dice game known as "shooting craps." A delegation went from Monte Carlo to the United States to learn about this game. The delegation returned with a factual report.

The ruling authorities in the Casino decided to add "craps" to the list of gambling games, the idea being that thousands of Americans would flock to Monte Carlo to play their national game of "shooting craps," understood to be the indoor equivalent of baseball.

Thus "craps," a game forbidden in the United States, and when played is usually the sport of Negroes who squat on their haunches and "shoot craps" on a horse blanket, found itself promoted to the dignity of a green-baize topped table and attended by *croupiers* wearing their regimentals, dinner jackets with sewn up pockets. The *croupiers* do not resent the impolite implication.

But, sad to relate, "craps" did not succeed; the thousands of potential American punters stayed away; an idle dream; and the Monte Carlo Casino Prince Rainier III remained "in the red." "*Quoi à faire?*" the monarchs of Monaco asked one another with shrugged shoulders and palms stretched open.

The Prince took stock of his liabilities. His Government consists of a Minister of State, a former French Prefect; there are three Councillors, all Frenchmen; the National Council consists of twelve Monegasques. The Royal Household is modest; there are three private counsellors, a lady-in-waiting, an aide-de-camp, a chancellor and a secretary of the chancellory. Despite this modest Household, twenty-five foreign countries have representatives accredited to this little two by four principality which is not even allowed to run its own post and telegraph service or its own Customs; these are controlled by the French Government which pays the Prince some undisclosed total of thousands of pounds by way of "compensation."

That was the set-up when some three months ago a sort of "palace revolution" started. "Why," asked the dissatisfied minority, "why should we be at the beck and call of France?" Let us oust the French Minister; let us set up a real frontier between France and Monaco. After all, our country has been admitted to U.N.E.S.C.O.; now maybe, U.N.O. will admit us."

The Prince received a memorandum outlining these suggestions, (*Continued on page 60*)

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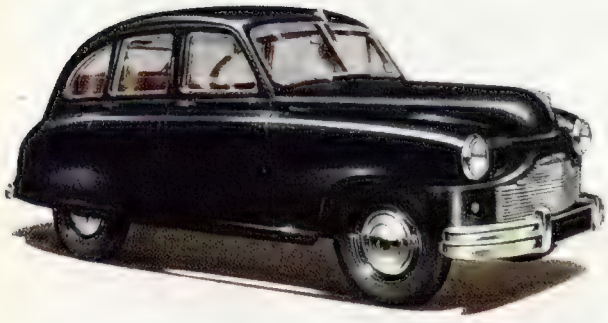

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plus the suggestion for a new currency. The Prince threw the memorandum into the waste-paper basket and sent a message to the drafters of the memorandum, reminding them that even the water they drank came from France, and not a single vegetable grew on the eight square miles that is the whole extent of the Principality of Monaco.

That question of size is, as the Prince knows quite well, the crux of the problem; if gambling is not the attraction it was, where is Monaco to look for revenue? The Principality has a resident population of a little more than 20,000, but it could not, as the Prince pointed out to the malcontents, do the first thing towards feeding itself. Expansion seems to be the answer to the Prince's problem.

That is the question the Prince is now studying, but, let me whisper this, only about 1,800 of Monaco's population is what you might call native born; the others are foreigners, French and Italian predominating. It was whispered in the Prince's ear that this very question of a small native population might perhaps provide a solution to the puzzle and it *might* mean a quick turnover. In brief, encourage foreigners to become naturalized Monegasques—at a price! The suggestion might have met with acceptance but there upspoke one of the older statesmen. "The suggestion does not make sense," he insisted. "If foreigners residing in our country were heavily taxed and local citizens were free of taxation, there might be something in the idea, but remember, it is our tradition that nobody in Monaco pays a *sou* in taxes."

That is quite true, but for some little time the Government has been collecting an eight per cent turnover tax on all transactions. Nevertheless, the Municipal Council, consisting of fifteen Monegasques, has found that with a modest Budget of £1 million, there is now a deficit of about £300,000.

The Prince on his part preserves the traditional secrecy concerning the amount of money the Sea Bathing Society pays him annually, but according to local gossip, last year the Society said it was very sorry, but it could not do any better than £10,000!

Gone then are the great days when even forgers cashed in on faked plastic *plaques* of £50 and £100 apiece; when a railway employé found on the Menton-Monaco line a box containing £40,000 worth of forged *plaques.*

A group of Monegasques put out the idea of granting a concession to a rival Casino and there every night the Prince in person would appear at the gaming tables. (No member of the reigning house is ever seen in the Casino.) That idea was turned down; apart from the Prince's opinion, the Sea Bathing Society has a cast-iron contract with the reigning prince.

The Prince himself took the initiative of calling a conference of architects, town planners and other experts to consider the possibility of expanding the territory of Monaco without annoying the French Government.

It was pointed out at the meeting that, with the exception of the hotels, there are

Monte Carlo Must Expand . . . Or?

few buildings in Monaco higher than two storeys. Why not pull them all down, it was asked, and build houses of eight or ten storeys?

A detailed survey was ordered and made; the map shows red rings around certain properties. Villas with large gardens received particular attention; garages also. The villa and garden that belongs to the Louis Blériot family (Blériot was the first man to fly the English Channel) received many bad marks because it occupies as much ground as the Casino does! It was recommended that all garages should be demolished and that in future only subterranean garages would be permitted.

The planners next turned their attention towards the seaward expansion of Monaco. Although the title of the all-powerful financial association is "Sea Bathing" it was not possible until some years before the war to bathe in the sea at Monte Carlo. Then in a great splurge of world-wide publicity, in which Miss Elsa Maxwell, the American thrower of parties, and Mr. Stone, the English Casino P.R.O. played a prominent part, a rubber beach was built.

Already the rubble from Monaco has allowed the principality to gain five seaward acres, a trifle, but the planners have not lost time. On these hardly-won acres, Monaco's first industrial concerns have made an appearance; a chocolate factory and a macaroni factory. Work is now beginning on the building of a cinema studio. Monte Carlo because of its sunshine is obviously a small but potential rival to Hollywood!

That, of course, is but the beginning; plans are forward to construct another twenty seaward acres on which will be a race-course—a sure winner of francs—and several apartment houses.

Another project will affect the French Railways. The French Railways (State owned) have but a few years left of their lease. They pay the Prince for the concession, but I understand the lease may not be renewed—despite the protests of the French Government—and a few more acres will be won.

There are at present two railway stations in Monaco, both alongside the sea. As a compromise, because it would cost many millions of francs to move the stations, it is suggested that a large tunnel might be built to enclose both stations and the connecting lines and on top of the tunnel Monaco would build tall apartment houses. Ingenious!

These ideas, of course, cannot be carried out at once; the railway lease still has a *few* years to run and what is to happen to the people living in the houses it is proposed to pull down is not disclosed, but it all boils down to this: Monte Carlo is engaged in a race against the clock. Can the Prince of this little country hold out until it is possible for Monaco to expand?

Otherwise . . .?

END

Sanctuary

(*Continued from page* 12)

"You don't mind, Helen, do you?"

By some miracle of effort she gave an amused laugh.

"Really, Harry, you're not suggesting a man managed to get into my room while I was there, without my knowing anything about it?"

He said gravely: "I wouldn't put it past some of those brutes. They're like greased shadows."

"Didn't know you were fond of exaggeration," she said lightly. "Come along. The man's obviously not here. I expect you could do with a drink. And what about the men?" She started moving towards the kitchen quarters.

Harry remained where he was. "Thanks, but we'll search your room first, as a precaution."

Her voice had a shrill edge. "This is absurd!"

"I'm sorry," he said stubbornly, "but I shan't feel satisfied unless I complete the job."

"I can't help that. You know perfectly well the thug must have got away. And I strongly object to men walking about my bedroom."

The sergeant gave an uncomfortable cough. Harry turned to him: "Join the men. I'll be out in a minute."

"Very good, sir."

"Now, look here, Helen," he said when they were alone, "do please see my point of view. I've simply got to search the room. It's a matter of duty."

Those eyes of his were smiling yet adamant. She was beaten, and (*Continued on page* 62)

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the knowledge drained the strength out of her. But somehow she found the courage for one last effort. Hating herself for it, she leaned against him, looked up into his face invitingly, and said in a caressing voice :

"Must you always think of duty? Won't you put me first for once?"

His throat worked. "What d'you mean?"

"Come and sit down in the lounge, and talk to me. I'm lonely."

He raised his head, avoided her pleading eyes. "I've got to search your room. I'm sorry, but——" He opened the door and walked in.

In a remote way Helen heard her own voice. It was saying : "I'm sorry, too. You've only yourself to blame now."

Harry made no reply. He was staring at the bed. Lance's sleepy, yawning face poked out above the sheets, and he was saying : "While the cat's away, the mice will play."

Harry said nothing. He remained rigid.

Helen whispered : "I didn't want you to know. But you would insist on coming in."

"I apologize." Harry turned to her, his face a mask. "I beg your pardon for being so stupid. Good night."

He walked out, and as his square shoulders vanished through the doorway, Lance began to laugh softly.

"Poor old Harry. Shocked and stunned."

Helen said very wearily : "I suppose it's no use asking you not to laugh. You wouldn't understand."

"Cheer up, old girl. He won't say a word to anybody."

"D'you think that matters to me? D'you think anything matters now?"

He gave her a queer look. "Were you so fond of him as all that?"

Her voice was simple, and utterly broken. "In this last half hour I knew I loved him. That's all."

ON his return next day from Batu, her father said : "You're not looking very well, child. What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing."

"The heat isn't getting you down?"

"No."

He considered her anxiously. "On my way back I heard about last night's show with the Sons of Freedom. An ugly business. Look here, Helen, I know this is no place for a white girl. I expect your nerve's wearing thin and I'm not surprised. We must pack you off home."

She managed to smile at him. "I'm all right. And I'm not going to leave you in the lurch."

"I can manage." He thrust out an assertive chin. "Rebels or no rebels, we're going on with rubber. But I'm not going to let Malaya break you up," he added affectionately. "I'll fix you an air passage, and off you go."

She made no more protest. Nothing seemed to matter. It was as if living had become a mechanical business, devoid of everything worth while. Only at nights, while she was lying awake, did that strange, dreary blankness lift, and give place to the agony beneath. She kept picturing Harry's eyes at that moment when he stared at Lance lying there in bed.

Lance had been grateful to her, in his own selfish fashion. She knew now his utter selfishness. He was attractive and amusing, and there his qualities ended. And for his sake she had smashed her world to pieces. She would never see him again, and she would try not to remember him. Men like Lance always got out of their own troubles and unloaded them on other people.

If only she could stop remembering Harry.

But that was asking the impossible. By looking from the bungalow windows she could almost see his camp. Three miles away—and it might be three hundred, three thousand. She would never see Harry again, either. He would never want to see her. She had hurt him as only a fine, sensitive man, exactly the opposite to Lance, could be hurt by some things.

As the days passed, the blankness lessened, gave place to a torturing phase of thinking of what might have been. Sitting alone on the veranda in the evenings, she pretended that Harry was perched there on the rail, talking to her in that rather clipped, courteous manner of his. She used to be amused by it, it was so conventional.

Yes, he was conventional. That was where she had been so blind, not seeing that beneath lay all the qualities worth having, and something else besides, the nameless something that made her whole being ache for him.

Her father was right. She must go back to England. She must get a job there and bury herself in it. Here she had too much time to herself, and the queer, exotic beauty of Malaya was doing her no good. It quickened her imagination when it needed curbing. Several times she had thought she saw Harry coming across the clearing from the southern side, and her heart had given a great leap, and a wild glory of happiness had seethed through her, until the figure transformed itself into some native. Harry would never come here again. Of course not. She had lost him.

The air passage was booked. On the evening before she was due to leave, she went round the bungalow, taking a last look at everything. She wandered from room to room, and came back at last to the veranda. There, in an easy chair, she sat very still. Crying might have helped her, but she was far beyond tears. Inevitably she looked across at the empty clearing. Her happiness had come that way, and it had gone that way.

A jeep was crossing the flatness. With a choking sensation low in her throat, she saw it draw up outside, and Harry descend. He looked pale and nervous.

He came up the steps. She fought to meet his eyes, to smile, to behave like some normal girl meeting an acquaintance, instead of this dazed creature she felt herself to be.

His first words were awkward and stumbling. "I expect you wonder why—I don't know how to put it." His fingers drew a letter from his tunic pocket. "This came by air mail. From Lance Arnold. He's in England now."

"Yes?" The word was scarcely audible.

"In it he explains—what happened that night."

"Yes?" That was all she could say again.

He kept his head averted. He said huskily : "I never guessed. I ought to have known you could never have been like that. Of course. But it was all so. . . ." He stopped, and groped. Then he raised his face.

"You must have been terribly fond of him, Helen, to have done that."

She shook her head. "No. I liked him. At least, I used to like him. But not in the way you think."

By the look on Harry's face, he might have been standing before the opening of the pearly gates.

"Then . . . ?"

There was no need to go on. Their eyes told each other the old, splendid story.

Her father, happening to glance out of his window, stared in great amaze.

END

Past Masters Of The Knitting Pins

(*Continued from page* 49)

isolated towns or villages, and most notably in north Buckinghamshire, where the lace craft was first introduced from France by French Protestants seeking refuge from persecution.

The Royal Navy is about the only place where men still knit and sew with both skill and pleasure. "Make and mend" is still a very real routine among ratings, even to-day and many women would be surprised—and envious—to see the socks, pullovers, ties—even cardigans—that some of our sailors knit during the "watch below" at sea.

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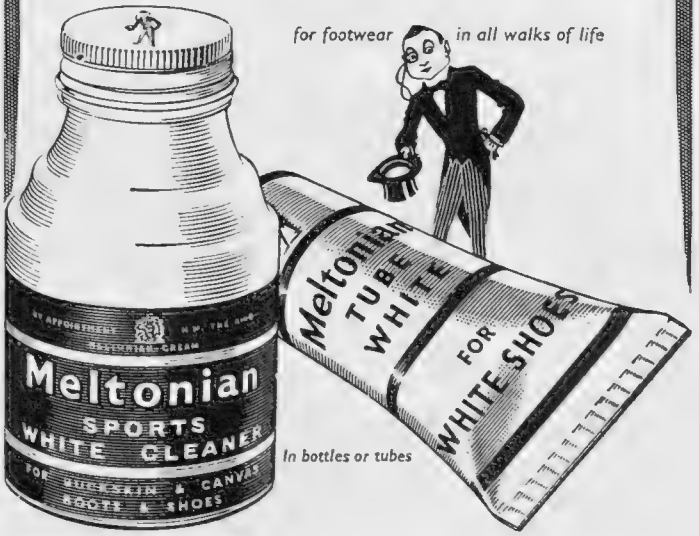

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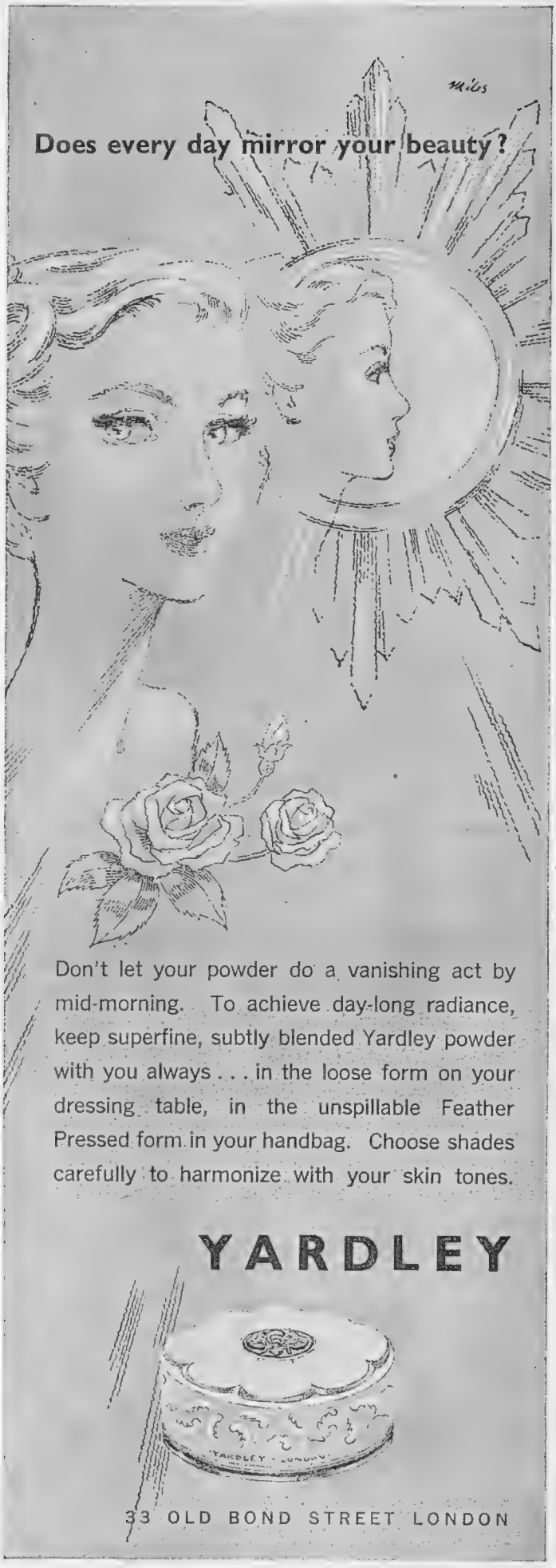
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Success Story

(*Continued from page* 19)

Queen Street to which Fielden had recently moved; he went upstairs and stood outside the door. Within, an argument was at its climax. He heard a woman's voice charged with passion and anger: "This is the end. Good-bye," followed by the furious slam of a door.

He knocked and entered. Fielden, dressed in silk pyjamas, was lounging in an armchair; the frown left his face as he looked up and saw his tailor.

"Why, *hal*-lo, Mack," he said. A cordial smile spread over his handsome, easy-going features. You could not get away from it, Fielden had charm.

"Good morning," Neil said. "They say you're going abroad."

"I'm broke."

"You owe me £525."

Fielden shrugged his shoulders.

"You could get a job," Neil said.

"I know about horses and food," Fielden laughed. "Ways of spending money, not making it."

"You could teach riding or start a restaurant," Neil said.

"You need capital for either," Fielden retorted.

Neil had nothing further to say for the moment so he looked round. The suite was furnished with taste and with luxury; its silks, satins, marquetry, oil paintings and leather-bound books, revealed a world that he had never seen; it filled him with wonder and admiration.

"Yes, this flat's worth money," Fielden said, misinterpreting Neil's appraisal. "But it's rented. You can't put a bailiff in because nothing here belongs to me—except my wife's furs."

He nodded at a coat that lay across a sofa. An idea came to him.

"Look, Mack," he said. "You're a good fellow. I like you. Take that fur. I paid £1,500 for it. It'll settle what I owe you, and you can let me have a thousand pounds on it."

The bedroom door was burst violently open. Lalage strode in.

"The bill is £1,500 right enough," she said contemptuously. "But the coat's not yours. Only £500 has been paid."

Fielden threw his hands up in mock despair.

"She takes the clothes off my back!" he said good humouredly.

Neil was absorbed by Lalage. Like everything else in the room, this dark, glorious creature, who moved like a tragic queen, belonged to a world that to him was as remote as the Arabian Nights.

Lalage picked up her fur and started to the door. Neil came out of his trance; he was a business man and he had come for his money.

"Just a meenit," he said. "If you give me yon coat, I'll tak' it in settlement of my bill, and I'll pay the furriers' the balance you owe on it."

"Good old Mack," Fielden said easily. "'Scots wha hae wi' Shylock bled.' It's a deal."

"*Oh!*" Lalage gasped. (From the look of grief and despair that she gave her husband, Neil wondered if her anger were not the measure of her love for him.) Her eyes blazing at Fielden, she put the fur over her shoulders with slow ostentation. Then she turned graciously to Neil.

"If you can afford £1,500 for a coat, Mr. McKenzie," she said, "you can have its contents as well."

And she took Neil's arm and led him from the room. Even through the fur, Neil could feel her tension. They descended the stairs in silence, but on the pavement she disengaged herself, took off the coat and handed it to him:

"Forgive me. I was furious and heartsick—I didn't know what I was saying or doing."

"I understand, lady," Neil told her, so nicely that Lalage's eyes filled with tears. She swayed as though about to faint. Neil drew her arm through his and held her.

"We'll walk," he decided. "It'll get your blood circulating again."

Now, there is, on occasion, a current that flows between people, and to Neil there flowed Lalage's wounded spirit, and to Lalage there flowed the honesty of his. So that when he asked what she was going to do next, she told him simply that she didn't know; pride forbade her to seek out her grim father, and she could not stay with friends without inviting awkward questions.

"You love your husband. You'll go back to him," Neil told her.

"Never," Lalage cried passionately.

Neil thought of the variety of moments and moods in which he had seen Fielden in the previous ten years. "What you mean is that you want him to lairn what life's like without you for a wee while. Well, he's proud of you. He canna get along without you. He'll soon ask you back."

"But how are we to live? He's going to Paris to sponge and borrow."

"I'll have him on his feet in four or five months," Neil announced.

"You! How?"

"I'll let you know if I'm successful."

"In the meantime, what happens to me? I sponge and borrow here, I suppose," Lalage said bitterly.

"No. You can do a job for me," Neil said. "I've worked. I've made money. I'd like to meet people who can talk about other things than business. My manners are all right, but they're no like a gentleman's. I need polishing."

"You mean that I . . . ?"

"Keep this fur coat," Neil said. "Find yourself a stylish flat. Give parties. Send me the bills—ask me to the parties."

Lalage looked at him searchingly; reckless she was, but not dishonest. "What will you get out of it?" she demanded.

"Education. A new angle."

The craziness of the proposal appealed to the rebel in Lalage.

"I'll keep the coat," she said, her eyes (*Continued on page* 66)

Scotch Sausage Recipe from Main Cookery Book obtainable from Gas Showrooms.

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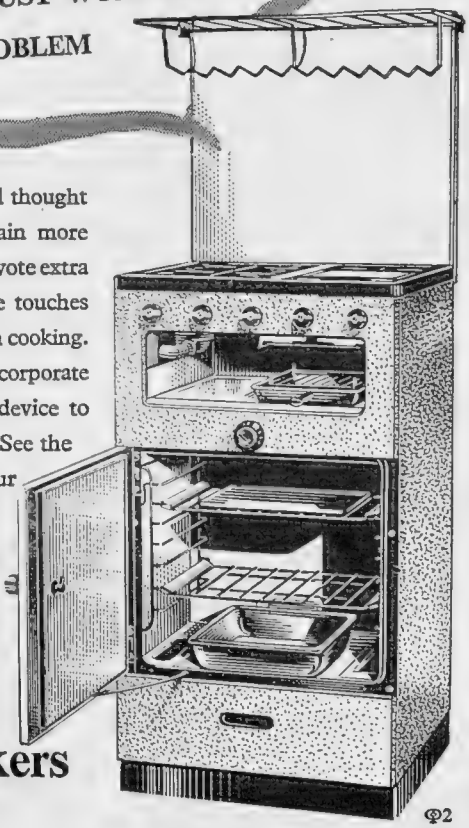
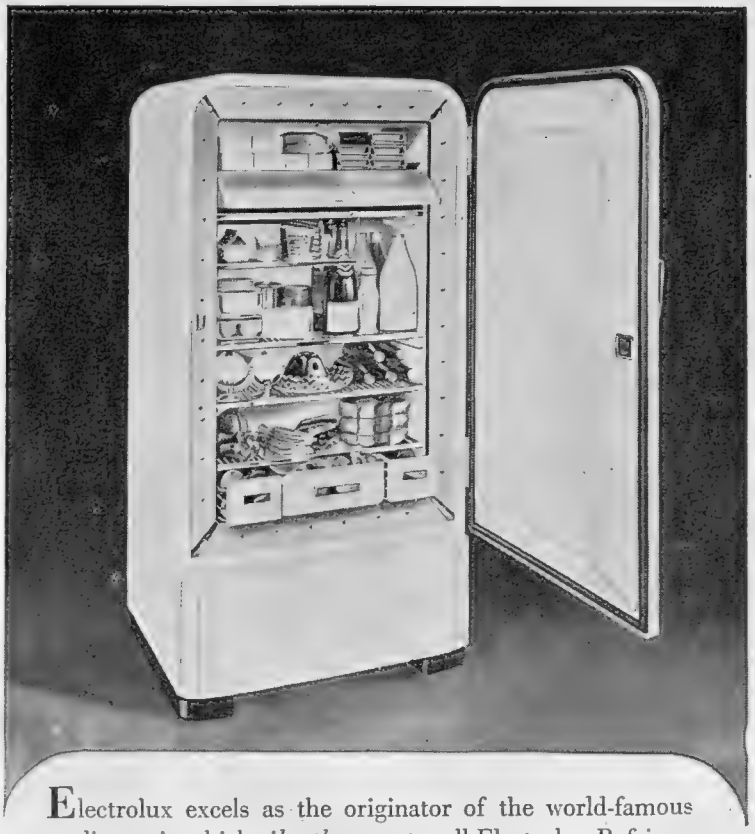


MAIN

gas cookers

Q2



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But only an expert can advise on such expert workmanship. So go to an experienced jeweller. Let him show you his vast range of up-to-the-minute styles. Let him help you to choose. He has a lifetime interest in keeping you satisfied.

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The WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

dancing. "Let's begin polishing right away. You shall give me luncheon at the Berkeley and take me to the polo afterwards."

"I'll have to phone them at the shop first," Neil said.

"WELL, are you satisfied with your bargain?" Morag asked.

Neil considered.

"Twenty per cent," he said. "In speech and manners, I've lairnt the right things to say and do."

"And the eighty per cent loss?" Morag said tartly.

"Lalage's friends don't use leisure; they kill time. They bore me stiff—stravaging across the hills of vanity."

Morag agreed, but she could not criticize Lalage's friends without criticizing Lalage and she was too loyal for that. Instead she said :

"What is Patsy Fielden doing?"

"I've set him up in a restaurant-cum-night club in Paris."

"You'll lose your money."

"I might," Neil said calmly. "But I'm no so sure I will."

"He's a waster."

"If he is, he'll starve, because I don't intend to pour money down a drain. But I back my judgment of him. He's never been forced to use his capabilities till now."

"What does Lalage think of it all?"

"I told Fielden he ought not to write to her till he could tell her he had achieved something. I reckoned that would give him an objective—act as a spur—because he does want her back."

"That's kind to Lalage !" Morag flashed at him. "No wonder she's so nervy and feverish. You're heartless."

Neil turned this over for quite a while.

"No," he said. "I'm a good organizer. And I understand people. I wanted her to fret herself enough for him before I sent her back. She'll be the happier for it."

Morag reflected, and her indignation and irritation at what seemed, at first sight, Neil's calculated disposal of Lalage's affairs, melted. She saw his underlying kindness.

"Neil, you're a friend," she said, spontaneously putting her hand on his arm.

His quick smile answered her warm gesture and her use of his Christian name, then he resumed his normal calm and, taking her hand in his, gazed slowly and deeply into her eyes. There was nothing sentimental about it : he was studying her. Somehow he gave her the abashed feeling that she felt before her father; but the difference was that Neil did not undermine her self-confidence. She defied her father with a sinking heart; she resisted Neil with a buoyant one.

"Well, how's my balance sheet?" she inquired. "Think I'll pay a dividend?"

Neil took a moment longer before delivering judgment :

"To look at, you and Lalage are alike as twins. God gave you equal beauty but He built your characters from different moulds. You're a sensible body. You'll never know the ecstasies that Lalage knows, nor yet the miseries either. You're a rich, rare, sweet, warm, muddle-headed pairson."

"You should beware of snap judgments," Morag said, endeavouring to keep her end up, but feeling like an impudent prisoner answering the judge back. "You're really rather a sweetie-pie," she could not help adding defiantly.

"No," he said. "I'm leading up to something."

"You discombobulating phenomenon !" Morag cried. "What do you want?"

"To meet intelligent people who spend their money on civilized things—like Shakespeare, and music, and painting, and politics. People who enjoy leisure seriously. The kind of people *you* must like," he concluded, fixing another concentrated stare on her.

"If you're offering me Lalage's fur coat," Morag said, laughing merrily, "the answer is your own favourite word : 'No.'"

They were married a year later.

THOSE were the facts. I came back to the post-second World War present.

"Well, Sir Neil," I used his title chaffingly. "You and Morag have got what you wanted, and Lord Cheviot. . . ."

I glanced across at Cheviot who had dropped in before dinner and been persuaded to stay. You could not say that he had mellowed but, as the years had bent his body, his once unbending spirit had been forced to make concessions to human frailties—his own and those of others. If he had ever had feelings he had killed them half a century ago, but his intellect was unimpaired and from what he now said it was clear that he did not deceive himself.

"Success?" he said. "Yes, I've had it. And now I'm lonely and unloved." He had no pity for himself; he stated a fact. "Lalage hates me——"

"You have only to write her a postcard;" Morag cut in, "and the darling would take the next plane. She's the world's least rancorous person."

"It may be so," Lord Cheviot said austerely, "but I disapprove too much of her whole way of life. She has disgraced the Cheviot name." He paused and resumed his interrupted thought. "Morag graciously shows kindness to an old fellow grown dependent. I expect she grants me that I've always tried to do the right thing, but," he smiled a thin smile, "righteousness rarely inspires affection."

Morag rose swiftly and sat herself on the arm of his chair. Without speaking, she took his hand in hers.

"You've governed India. You've had the Foreign Office. You've been feared. You wanted power; you enjoyed it," Neil said.

Written down, the words look cruel, but Neil's tone made them sound what they were : a matter of fact exchange between two Scots who respected each other, between whom (*Continued on page* 68)

(Rosebank Fabric No. 112D, 48" wide) (Rosebank Fabric No. 6538, 50" wide)

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furnishing fabrics

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Gin and **ROSE'S LIME JUICE**

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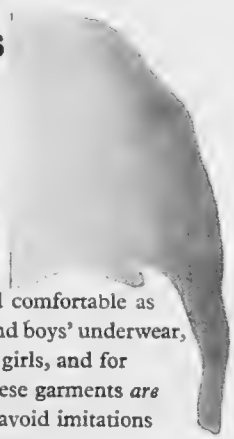

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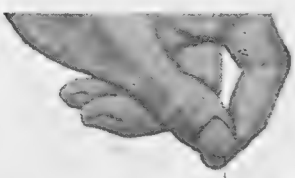

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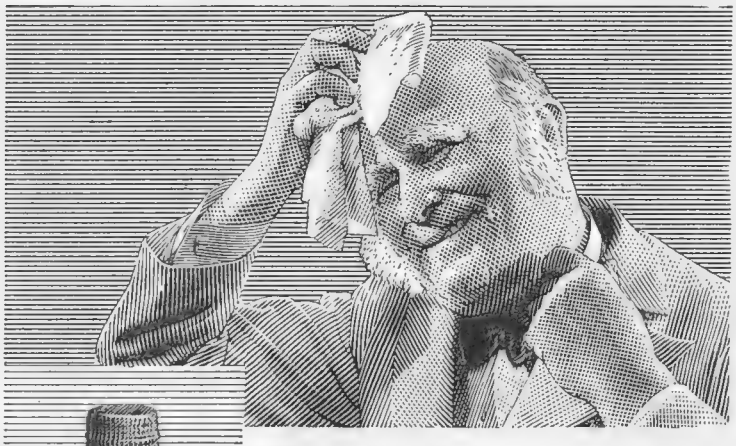

HOT DAY
FOR WALKING, SIR
says OLD HETHERS

It's that last hundred yards climb that does it, Sir, just when you think you're here. But I've got the cure for that thirst — Robinson's Barley Water. Its cool smoothness is so refreshing, a regular tonic as well as a drink.

Robinson's
Lemon or Orange
BARLEY WATER

there was no occasion for conventional insincerities. To a Sassenach, shy of discussing sentiments for fear of becoming awash with sentimentality, the moment had its perils, but I was saved from further embarrassingly intimate glimpses into Lord Cheviot's life because the old man felt tired. Morag put him into his car and sent him home to bed.

"And Patsy?" I said to Neil. "He justified your judgment, but you broke with him when he edged a foot into the underworld. He gets along by bribing the police. Is that what he wanted?"

"He wants to be noticed, to charm. Popularity comes more easily to a night club director, like him, than to a director of companies, like me. Ambassadors and film stars like to be photographed *chez Patsy's* in Paris. And having one of the Cheviot twins for his wife adds *chic*, rakes in the cosmopolitan crowd. His walk may not be on a high level, but he's the cock of it."

"Poor Lalage," Morag sighed. "She and Patsy lead such an untidy life—quarrels, separations, reconciliations."

"She's the heroine of her own dramas," Neil said. "'*If you can afford £1,500 for a coat, Mr. McKenzie, you can have its contents as well!*' What a first-act curtain! Fortunately, Patsy enjoys it. I imagine he provokes a scene when monotony threatens. The proof that they give each other what they want is that, although they've no children, they're still together."

Neil looked at Morag affectionately. "And you've got what you wanted, lady," he said.

"An adoring husband?" she scorned happily.

"No," Neil said in his best judicial manner. "As long as you lived with your father, you were muddled. You didn't realize that he had taught you to want to be obedient, to be dominated. Unconsciously, you were seeking someone who would lay down the law to you—but kindly, not coldly. Hence: me."

"You!" Morag laughed at him. "Pray, sir, will you not tell us the secret of your own fabulous success?"

"There's no secret," Neil said. "Impulses, unconscious wishes, chance meetings dictated *your* lives. *You* drifted. As you didn't know what you wanted, you never saw the opportunities that crossed your paths. Now, I've wanted different things at different times, but at any one moment I've always had a sharply defined aim in front of me. I didn't drift. When an opportunity cropped up, I recognized it and used it. My father died leaving me, an apprentice, in charge. Did I hire a manager who would keep things in his hands and swindle me? No, I worked to learn—an undergraduate liked my food; it amused him to eat with his tailor. If he did, why not others? Result: a club; an advertisement. A visit to a man who couldn't pay his bill opened a window on a new world to me. He gave me a fur coat. His wife offered herself with it; neither she nor I wanted that; but she needed a breathing space and I wanted to get into her world. I found it wasn't quite the world I was after—Morag turned up—again, because I knew what I wanted, I recognized at once that she belonged to the world I sought. I——"

"You monster!" Morag cried. "All these years, I've believed you married me because you couldn't help loving me!"

"I did," Neil said. "Marrying you is the only thing in my life I didn't plan. You drifted me into it."

END

Garden Without Soil

(*Continued from page* 37)

contents fully dissolved, the mixture to give the plants is one teaspoonful from each of the five bottles to each pint of water that goes to fill the tank or vase. The water should come within one inch of the moss and wire resting on the top of the receptacle. If it drops lower fill it up regularly with the same mixture.

Rain water is the ideal to use in this mixture, but fresh tap water from the main will do quite well. If the plants are growing in a warm room do not fill up with icy-cold water; but see that it is as warm as the water already in the receptacle.

Cuttings of geraniums and all sorts of plants and flowering shrubs, to say nothing of leaf propagation of begonias and coleus, may be tried by pushing the specimens through the moss and wire. They will soon develop roots and flourish. But water is colder than earth, and an effort must be made to keep your water garden fairly warm. Water culture gardeners were certainly the happiest this sad spring, when it was so long impossible to get near the sodden, cold earth; and their range covered a very wide field, from melons to roses, from cabbages to violets.

A further development in water culture calls into use what are known as aggregates. These may be cinders (washed clean), silver sand or gravel. The containers are filled with these materials, the great advantage of which is that they hold the plant upright, without the wire and moss, because the root is anchored in something solid. The materials are kept saturated with the mixture as before, and many lovely flowers and vegetables have been so grown in a perfectly clean setting, with none of the troublesome dirt of earth and various fertilizers.

An intimate association with the welfare of the plant, and the exciting discovery that certain blooms do far better with more or less of one mixture in the bottles than another mixture, leads to most fascinating experimental work; and this, coupled with its perfect cleanliness, makes soil-less culture the ideal form of gardening for those in flats and city homes, who have a little more science than energy.

END

"Hasn't she ever heard of Odo-Ro-No?"

Don't go away mad !
It could — and should — happen to most people.

Nobody is perfect. Everybody perspires to some degree. There are no exceptions. On most parts of the body perspiration is no problem. It evaporates quickly. But not from under the arms. So it goes stale. It soils and spoils your clothes. It leaves that tell-tale odour you may not notice, *but others certainly will.*

Odo-Ro-No banishes under-arm odour safely in seconds !

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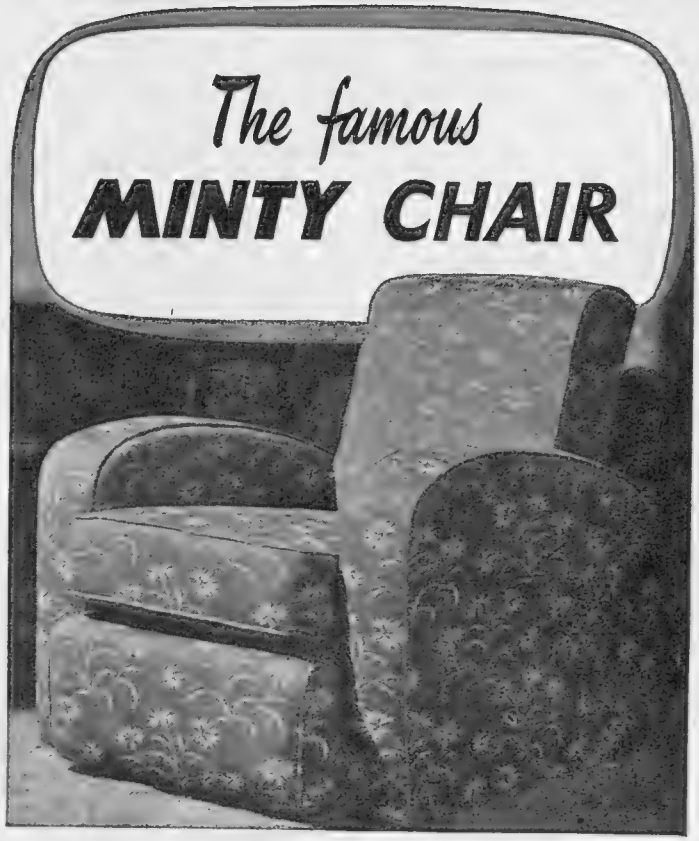
MOST CREAM FOR YOUR MONEY

USE ODO·RO·NO DAILY
AND BE SURE OF YOURSELF

The famous MINTY CHAIR



The most comfortable chair on earth! Full-sized lounge, softly sprung. Entirely new and improved method of construction. Settees also in two sizes. Many Models available—some without Purchase Tax.

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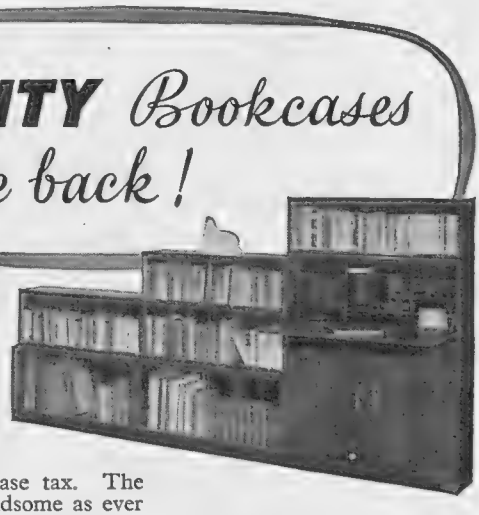

Now that we can once again obtain the right materials, we can offer the Minty Sectional Bookcases—and at prices free of purchase tax. The Bookcases are as handsome as ever and compare favourably in every way with the prewar standard which made the name of Minty pre-eminent in this field. Made in Oak, Mahogany or Walnut, the Bookcases are available as illustrated and in many combinations which can be added to as desired.

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Teenage Pullover (*Continued from page 44*)

cast off at beg. of row at neck edge: 4 sts. first, 3 sts. at the beg. of next 2 rows, 2 sts. at beg. of next row, and dec. once at beg. of next 4 rows.

SHAPE SHOULDER

When armhole measures 9½ ins. cast off 10 sts. at armhole edge at the beg. of two rows, cast off 9 sts. at armhole edge at the beg. of two rows.

TO MAKE UP

Join left shoulder seam. Pick up sts. round neck. Rib 8 rows: k. 1, p. 1. Cast off ribwise. Join 1½ ins. of right shoulder seam at armhole edge. Pick up 150 sts. round armholes, rib 8 rows: k. 1, p. 1. Cast off. Join side seams. Insert zip fastener at shoulder fastening.

END

Easy On Wool (*Continued from page 44*)

FRONT

With No. 14 needles, cast on 150 sts., work in rib as for back, inc. to 154 sts. on last row (wrong side) as follows: inc. in the 19th st. and every following 37th st. to end. Change to No. 9 needles and work in st.st., inc. 1 st. at beg. and end of 9th row and every following 8th row, until there are 170 sts. and 76 rows. End k. row. **77th row.**—K. to end. **78th row.**—K. 1, * w.fd., sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o.; rep. from * to end. Repeat this row 11 times.

With right side facing, shape armholes as follows:

90th row.—Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows (still working in patt.). Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next row. Now cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next row and k. to end. Change to st.st. and cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, dec. 1 st. at beg. of next 6 rows. Work without shaping until there are 10 rows of st.st., end p. row. Dec. to 106 sts. on next row as follows: k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 2, k. 2 tog., * k. 3, k. 2 tog.; rep. from * to last 4 sts., k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 1.

Next row.—K. to end. End wrong side of work. Now work 11 rows in patt. End right side of work.

Next row.—K. to end. Work in st.st. until there are 46 rows above underarm. End k. row.

SHAPE NECK

P. 47, cast off 12 sts. (purlwise), p. 47. Work left shoulder first. Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next row at neck edge, 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows at same edge, then dec. 1 st. at beg. of each row at this edge until 37 sts. remain. Continue on these sts. until there are 71 rows from underarm (4 rows more than on that of back).

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 12 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows at shoulder edge, and 13 sts. at beg. of next row at same edge. Join wool to neck edge and work other shoulder to match.

SLEEVES (both alike)

With No. 14 needles, cast on 100 sts. and work in rib as for welts for 1 in. Change to No. 9 needles and work in st.st., inc. 1 st. at beg. and end of the 7th and every following 6th row until there are 106 sts. and 31 rows above ribbing. End P row.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, dec. 1 st. at beg. of every row until 46 sts. remain. Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows, cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off remainder.

COLLAR

With No. 14 needles, cast on 100 sts. **1st row.**—K. 1, * k. 1, p. 1; rep. from * to end; k. 1. **2nd row.**—K. 1, * k. 1, p. 1, (k. into back of all k. sts.); rep. from * to end; k. 1 st. Repeat these 2 rows, inc. 1 st. at end of every 4th row until there are 108 sts. and 37 rows. Cast off in rib. Work the other collar to match, but inc. 1 st. at end of 3rd row (on wrong side of work) and every following 4th row.

TO MAKE UP

Press each piece lightly on wrong side under a damp cloth with a fairly hot iron. Sew up side, shoulder and sleeve seams. Ease fullness at top of sleeves and sew into armholes. Sew collars to neck edge, with inside of blouse facing and wrong side of collars, matching points to centre front. Work a row of double crochet down each side of neck opening. Sew in zip fastener, tack in shoulder pads.

END

The Great Exhibitionist (*Continued from page 16*)

to the gardens; and they wandered in the Pré d'Orsay with its grassy pyramids and artistic statues.

If success could be measured by the number of visitors to the "Symposium," then Soyer's venture was resoundingly successful. He had visions of it continuing after the Exhibition had closed, but here, alas, he came to grief. The fun in the evenings, with parties of well-regaled excursionists disporting themselves in the lighted grounds, was never of the quietest; and unhappily the Chairman of Middlesex Sessions, on a visit of inspection to determine whether Soyer's licence should be renewed, chose a particularly festive night.

The sight—and the sound—of some 700 citizens enjoying themselves in Soyer's "Symposium" was too much for the horrified magistrate, and later at the Sessions he declared that "a more dissipated place, or a more dangerous place for the morals of young persons, he had never entered." That was the end of the "Symposium." Soyer, furious at the (probably unwarranted) strictures of the strait-laced Bench, closed the place without warning on October 14, the day before the Great Exhibition itself shut its doors.

Soyer is the only chef to figure in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Born near Paris in 1809, he came to England at the age of twenty-one and married in 1837, being widowed only five years later. In 1837 he entered the service of the newly-founded Reform Club, where he soon showed the gastronomic skill that made himself and his novel steam kitchens the talk of London and even of Europe. His banquets at the Club were unmatched even in those days of lavish eating; and after he had left the Club he continued on the same scale, providing a repast in 1850 for the Prince Consort and the Mayors of Great Britain that was long famous in banqueting annals.

He was a tireless inventor. He produced a small portable "Magic Stove" which worked successfully both in the Arctic and on top of a pyramid. He devised every kind of kitchen appliance from pots, kettles and pans to huge ranges, created countless recipes and concocted dozens of patent drinks, sauces and relishes. And he was a prolific author whose books, written for epicure, housewife and general reader alike, sold in enormous numbers.

Soyer's name is commemorated to this day in the Soyer Stove which he evolved to reform the feeding conditions for our troops in the Crimean campaign. Those years in the Near East, when he worked with Florence Nightingale in the overcrowded hospitals of Scutari and toured the battlefields with his patent stove—outlandishly dressed in a red and white cap, gold-braided waistcoat and trousers with a blue and silver stripe—were the most important and valuable in his career; and to his strenuous overwork at that time he owed his early death at forty-eight.

But even in the Crimea Alexis Soyer was always the jester, the showman, the exhibitionist. There was a strange extravagance in his make-up that was irrepressible, whether he was demonstrating a cooking apparatus before Sebastopol or preparing a luxurious London banquet. Hungry visitors to the Festival, 1951, will search in vain for a culinary eccentric like him; nor, it is certain, will they find a resort remotely resembling his "Symposium."

END

Country Houses On Parade (*Continued from page 14*)

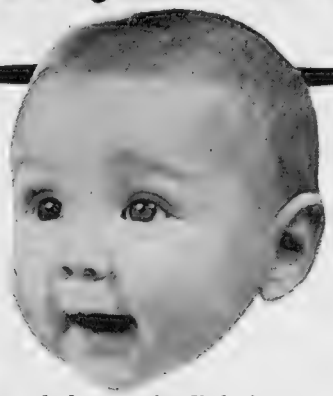
Kirklees Priory, near Brighouse, a grand house built from the ruins of a Cistercian nunnery in the grounds, where, it is said, Robin Hood breathed his last; Hooton Pagnell, near Doncaster, associated with Sir Geoffrey Luttrell, sponsor of the world-famous Luttrell Psalter; Aldborough Manor, near Boroughbridge—a house where it is easier to talk of things Roman than of anything that has happened since the Occupation, so plentiful and evocative are the pavements, altars, gods and trinkets left behind—in the Manor grounds and in the village—by the legionaries.

TWO places of outstanding appeal, in the County of Broad Acres, are Burton Agnes and Hovingham Hall. Although so dissimilar, architecturally, both halls have one thing (comparatively rare for these days) in common. Each is still occupied by a descendant of the original owner. And, in the case of Burton Agnes, this gives you a link with the ostentatious times of James I.

Situated about five miles inland from Bridlington, Burton Agnes (open on Thursdays and during August bank holiday) is the home of Mr. Marcus Wickham-Boynton. The small, two-storeyed dwelling of Norman origin which Sir Henry Griffith had outgrown, still stands beside the gigantic house of brick and stone that was completed for him in 1610. The interior is justly famed (amongst the few who have hitherto been privileged to see it!) for its wealth of carving in wood, stone and alabaster. Several visits would be necessary to encompass even the more obvious stories and allusions embodied in, say, the west screen of the Great Hall, in the neighbouring fireplace (devoted partly to the Wise and Foolish Virgins), in almost every pilaster and cornice, and again in the Drawing Room chimneypiece portraying in ghastly detail the "Dance of Death." And then, of course, there is the celebrated ghost of Burton Agnes that lends a certain lurid appeal to the "haunted bedroom."

Hovingham Hall, near Malton, was built in 1760 by Thomas Worsley whom Horace Walpole described as "a kind of riding master to the King" (George III). He was his own architect and his passion for horses is expressed in the unique feature of the place—a Riding School, which is a lofty, tunnelled entry that yet almost penetrates the house from back to front. Beautifully furnished rooms lead off the Samson Hall—a grand, pillared chamber that completes the aforementioned "tunnel effect," but the Riding School will be the focal point for visitors this year. (*Continued on page 72*)

Gently does it!



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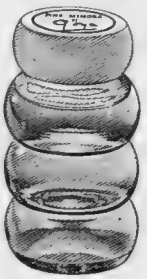

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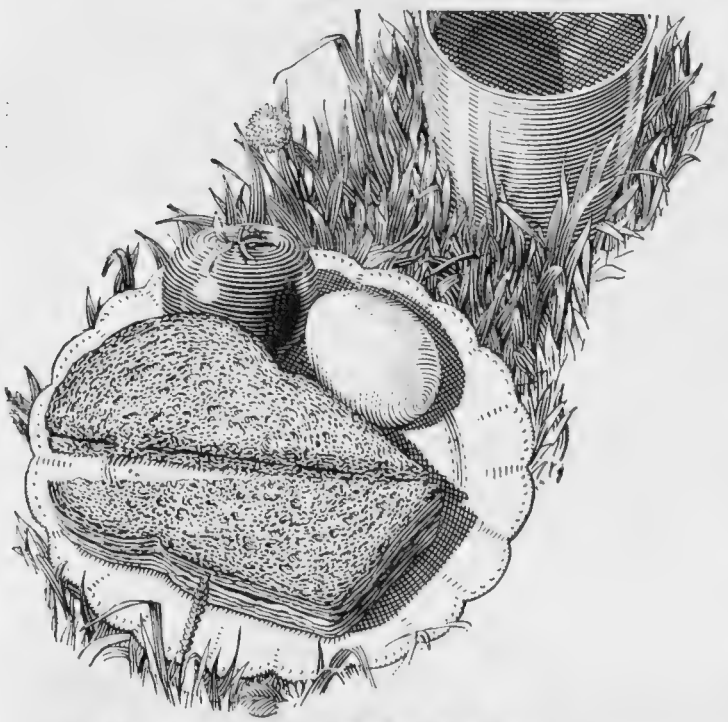

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The School has often been used for other purposes than the original one; its apotheosis was undoubtedly reached between the years 1887 and 1906, when the widely-renowned Hovingham Music Festivals were held here. Sir William Worsley, Bart., the present owner, is marking this pivotal year by resuming the musical tradition. Thus, from July 27–29, quartet, orchestra and massed choir, rendering music by eminent composers, will again be heard in the Riding School where Thomas Worsley pranced his various mounts. . . .

With so many overseas visitors around, and all the country *en fête*, who could resist the charm of that old home of a wealthy Lincolnshire wool-stapler, Grantham House at Grantham (open to public view on Thursday afternoons), or of Woolsthorpe Manor—Sir Isaac Newton's birthplace—only seven miles away? At Woolsthorpe (open Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays) the youthful Isaac comes to life—as it were—in some remarkably prophetic wall-drawings only recently discovered. National Trust property, each of them, yet not nearly so well visited as they deserve.

Sparrowe's amazing sixteenth-century house in the Butter Market, Ipswich—a house whose exterior pargeting alone is worth going far to see—loses little for being in these days a bookshop. And when Ipswich folk assemble in Christchurch Park for their own Festival (June 9–16), Christchurch Mansion—though now an art gallery—will come very nearly into its own. Perhaps the ghosts of those who once lived here—the Withipolls, the Herefords and the Fonnereau family—will peer from the Tudor windows upon the figures of Wolsey, Charles II, Lord Nelson and Charles Dickens playing out their appointed rôles on the turf below.

END

Country Houses On Parade

This Slimming Business (*Continued from page* 13)

the clothes shown were adapted to a wider range of women than is usual with such collections" No wonder! One can almost hear the chairs creaking under those Junoesque figures.

How different the scene at a corresponding Paris fashion show! The small glass of champagne refilled if one is lucky; the accompanying toy *friandise*; the uninsistent string trio; and the *clou* of the occasion, the Girl of the Dissolving Line, the Lorelei of the day, only now luring her own sex on to the rocks—of flesh discarding. "An evolutionary change in clothes approach" is how the imitative American fashion experts hail the Dissolving Line "of fold-over-jackets, fluid and soft."

The evolutionary process has produced the *femme-enfant*, "Queen of the Mid-century."

Frenchmen, who give such a lot of thought to Woman, keep telling themselves that, whereas they find the *gamine*, minx or hussy, page-girl type amusing and even at times seductive, with her barely discernible hips and bust and general air of, "I stopped at sixteen" . . . that this may be all very well for a party, but when it comes to serious matters, to marriage and mothercraft, give them still the woman with the solid covering of flesh, "*avec du mond au balcon*," to resuscitate a quaint architectural Gallicism of earlier this century.

Of course, the majority of Frenchwomen sit back in their homes and make no attempt whatever to become potato straws. What a hope they'd have, with their appetite-provoking labours and freely rude and boisterous habit of life in the "popular" and peasant layers of society! Yet the majority, however large, is not the moulder of French womanhood.

Whatever Frenchmen may affect to prefer deep down, the contemporary mould is that of the *femme-enfant*, with Juno, who once used to carry all before her, hardly a nice thing to see about the place, if, one supposes, unavoidable.

She without hips or chest development, and whose pearly complexion and puerile smile haunt the screen, the newspapers and the hoardings; a woman, who, by her physical constitution, as by her mental development, is destined to remain eternally a *gamine*; one who must, at all hazards, remain slim and fresh in order to maintain her supremacy. Likewise must the new goddess retain the diverting and limited intellect of the flapper, bursting into laughter for no particular reason, interesting herself passionately in insignificant things, ignoring all the difficulties of life, intoxicating herself with caprice, false pretence and mirages.

"*Qu'elle est mignonne!*" is the set ejaculation of maturer Frenchwomen when one of their sex who "stopped at sixteen" crosses their line of vision. But, not far away, is probably the thought: "The little jade! To think of the trouble, expense and anxiety she is putting me to!" For these older, or differently constructed, women may scorn the puerility of the *femme-enfant*, but they cannot afford to ignore her body lines.

THE place to see elegant Frenchwomen in the throes of dissolving their lines is Vichy, and the time, now. Summertime is dissolving time, whether it be done by pill, regime, exercise, machine, or a mixture of all four. The last three are locally recommended. Doctors warn against the first which may induce a chronic state of anorexia. A mild attack of anorexia, or revulsion from food, is the fashionable malady of the day, but it must not be allowed to gain a hold, or a permanent decline will be the outcome.

The regime hinges on the small glass of Vichy water which must be taken at the springs themselves three times a day: 8 a.m., noon and 5 p.m. There's a special spring called "Madame" for taking off weight. But there's only one local water one may play about with—the ubiquitous "Celestin." All the rest can be dangerous if indulged to excess, drunk from carafes in the hotel room, in order to promote swift cures.

Second part of the reducing is done in the vast bathing establishment. Heretofore most of its women clients have had no hope of recovering their figures. They have allowed things to roll too far, or could never have stopped them rolling. Such ones have had to rest content with co-ordinated massaging by two masseuses. Each takes one side and works up, from toes to nose. At the same time, a thunder shower of water descends from above and shoots at the prone body from either side.

But now, with the vogue of slimming among women who really can melt their lines, inventive brains have been at work. The opportunity was not to be lost of roping in clients of an entirely new type, chic Parisiennes who would have been perfectly satisfied with their current contours, but a year or two ago, yet who now must needs be haunted by the dictum "Gentlemen Prefer Gamines."

The shower-massage is a must with these newcomers, but to it has been added a couple of novelties which are having a great vogue.

The first of these is the mud hose. Hitherto mud cures have taken the form of sitting in mud baths in thick ooze. Dax, below Bordeaux, is the great place for that. But now a Lovely will stand like September Morn and permit her brave young body to be assailed by a cascade of mud emanating from a hosepipe and directed at such parts of her anatomy as require softening.

THE second innovation is an electric machine on steam-roller principles. It doesn't look a bit like a steam-roller, but its purpose is akin. Known as the "Traxator," the machine promises to roll off the superfluous pounds. The client is slid beneath rollers and prodders which are then lowered on to the flesh; a button is pressed; and the attendant can slink off and finish her *boc*. On and on rolls and prods the "Traxator," first life-size reducing machine and a great attraction with the slimming brigade.

Its great value, I was assured, lies in its attack on one of our two reserves of fat. As is no doubt widely known, these are divided in twain: fat contained in the cells, which, for all practical purposes, never undergoes modification, and fat, so-called "of reserve," which is lodged underneath the skin, between the muscles, around the viscera, and represents in a well-proportioned individual, eighteen per cent of the body's whole weight. This can mean ten or twelve pounds even with the frailest of *femme-enfants*, and it is precisely this reserve beneath the skin which so decides obesity or thinness.

And the "Traxator" goes after it! Makes a bee roll for it!

When "finished," the client is wrapped in warm blankets and allowed to enjoy a ten minutes rest—and a feeling akin to a battery having been unlimbered. After which, a remarkable thing happens, which could be native only to France. It is, or should be, nearing midday. Very good. After her sipping at the "Madame" spring, our chic client of the mud hose and the "Traxator" sits down to a perfectly good menu. For the motto is, "Slim While You Eat."

FRENCH bread is thin-making, so is wine. At least, I have found this definitely so, over a long period of time. And just think what these lucky slimmers may eat without interfering with their reducing: all kinds of lean meat, offal, poultry, game. As far as I can see, only pork and its derivatives are out, together with the richer sauces and certain methods of cooking. And alcohol, in which wine is *not* included.

Here is a typical slimming menu after the "Traxator":

Salade Niçoise
Sweetbreads
Lamb Chops
New Peas
Vichy Carrots
Seasonal Fruit
Beaujolais Coffee

Regime bread is allowed. The first item is a mixture of cucumber, tomato, endive, radishes, hard-boiled egg, black olives and anchovies, the two last being optional on account of their faint fatty properties, not, however, considered worth worrying about.

END

Jane Refused The Call (*Continued from page* 31)

had a fear she might have suffered some pain, with that heart of hers, but she's been let off, thank God. Leave her be, my dear. I'll phone the hospital to come and see to things. And you'll come right away to my mother's for the night."

Stunned, Jane obeyed his instructions. Aunt Tina. Dear, *dear* old Aunt Tina.

The shock of her sudden death, the grief, the feeling of loneliness, were with her all through the days that followed, although as the coffin left Graile House surrounded by heaped masses of flowers from all who had loved the dear old lady so well, Jane felt that it was not really tragedy. She remembered that smile of peace, almost of happy surprise, that had been on Aunt Tina's face as she had last seen her. That young lover who had been killed in the Boer War, had she perhaps seen him waiting for her, in some garden of loveliness in the Land of Heart's Desire, after all those fifty years of loneliness and of waiting and of courage?

The shock of (*Continued on page* 74)

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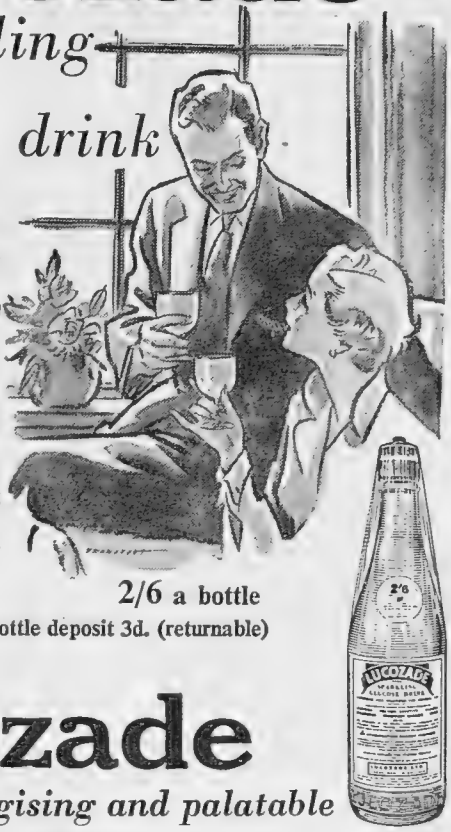

In this sparkling glucose drink there is help for the sick, the exhausted and the convalescent. To the jaded appetite — the refreshing sparkle of LUCOZADE is irresistible. If you are feeling just a little short of energy, somewhat tired, take a glass of LUCOZADE! There are moments when we all need this sparkling glucose drink. Once tasted, LUCOZADE is never refused.

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Aunt Tina's death was little greater than the shock that came after the funeral, when the lawyer, Mr. Wallace, read the will. Aunt Tina had left all she had . . . fifty thousand pounds, to Jane!

"YES, isn't it too *amazing* for speech?" said Jane's friend, Alix Morton, to Barry Bryant about a week later. He had called at the London lodging-house on his return from a tour (which unfortunately hadn't lasted long, for the simple reason that nobody seemed to want to go and see the play much!) and had been greeted by the news that Jane was still away, "in that appalling, remote place where she always goes for her holidays." And then Alix had poured out the news to him. It was incredible. Jane had rung her up to tell her, and to explain that she wouldn't be back for another week, there was so much to "see to."

"She was out of a job, so that doesn't matter," said Alix, adding sweetly, with a feline side-glance at Barry, "She's not *really* anything of an actress, you know. But just think of it . . . *fifty thousand pounds*!"

"Well, of course, the exchequer'll have a good pick," said Barry thoughtfully. "But even so, it'll put her very comfortable. Little Jane! Just imagine it. Rich. . . ." He smiled, the charming smile that lent added attraction to his very good-looking face. "Well, I'm about as glad as I could be of anything."

In which he spoke no more and no less than the simple truth. He added, "What did you say her phone number was?"

"I didn't," said Alix grinning.

"Don't be a little beast." His eyes met her own. "There'll be pickings coming your way, for a cert. I know Jane."

"All right, all right. It's Graile 36."

Barry wrote it down, and went away.

JANE was sitting in the big armchair by the library fire, answering letters, of which there were about two hundred to be dealt with, from friends who had loved Aunt Tina, and acquaintances who had liked her. There were also a lot of business papers to be looked through, and signed, and she was still in a state of numbed bewilderment, which only allowed of two definite conclusions, one . . . that she loved Aunt Tina more than ever, the other, that it was rather wonderful not to have to worry about the future, ever again. No scraping together of the rent, no cups of tea and bread and cheese because one couldn't afford a real lunch . . . none of that any more. No trudging around to agents . . . and here Jane smiled a rather pathetic little smile.

"I'm not sure the agents and the public aren't about right," she said, "I don't think I'm all *that* good an actress."

The phone shrilled on the writing-table, and she ran across to answer it. There was a moment's question and answer, "Call for Miss Jane Grey. . . . Thank you. . . . You're through. Please go ahead and speak up."

"Jane . . . *darling*," said the only voice in the world.

"Is that you, Barry?" Jane asked, a hand to her heart.

"Yes darling. Alix has just told me. I went round to see you. Oh my dear . . . isn't it marvellous? Now we can be married, can't we?"

Jane stood quite still. Her eyes wore a curiously stony expression.

"Jane . . . are you there?"

"Yes Barry."

"Did you hear me? You will marry me now, won't you?"

"I would have, any time," said Jane, in an odd, lifeless voice.

"I know, darling. Of course. But . . . you see . . . well, neither of us had a bean, had we? It just wouldn't have worked."

"You never told me that. You never said . . . anything. You never asked me to wait."

"Well, my dear heart, how could I . . . exactly? But now, it's all come right."

"Yes," said Jane. "I'm inclined to think it has."

"Then you will marry me?" His voice was eager, perhaps more eager than he knew.

"Barry."

"Yes, sweetheart. What is it? You sound . . . funny."

"Alix made a mistake. You've got it wrong."

"Got it wrong?"

"It isn't all that money. In fact, it's very, very little."

"Little?" She could hear the fall of temperature in his voice.

"That makes a difference, doesn't it?"

Jane Refused The Call

"We-ell. Of course, one can't live on nothing, can one?"

"No." She paused, then added, "so that rather washes out our getting married, doesn't it?"

"Well, darling." He hesitated. "*You* said it. I mean, I'm sure you see, don't you? I mean . . . one must be practical. It isn't that I don't love you, but. . . ."

Jane, quite quietly and simply hung up. She waited five minutes, to make sure that the line would be clear, then she rang up Dr. Duncan.

"Dr. Duncan speaking."

"It's Jane Grey. Do you still want to marry me?"

"I'll want to marry you till I die. Although I hope and trust I'll not have to wait that long. When I'm set on a thing, I usually get it. The only trouble now is all that money. I just *hate* the idea of marrying a rich girl."

"Oh, we'll find a use to spend it somehow," said Jane beginning to laugh, "maybe all the very best sort of education for . . . for our children."

"Did you say 'we'? And did I hear you mention our children?"

"You did. Forward of me, wasn't it?"

"I'll be right around," said Angus.

His mother's house was not far away, and it didn't take him long. He simply opened the heavy front door, walked in, and along to the library, and took little Jane into his arms. With his heart beating against her own so that she could feel the warmth and the thrill of it, he kissed her as though the kiss would never end. The telephone rang again.

"Let it ring," said Jane, mopping at her lipstick.

"Och, it might be important, better see. Hallo. Graile House here."

"Personal call for Miss Jane Grey from London," said the operator. "They say they were cut off, just now."

Angus repeated the words aloud.

"The call," said Jane, very distinctly, "is refused. Tell them so, and then come back and go on kissing me."

"There's considerable allure about that programme," said Angus, with a twinkle in his eye. "I'll follow it out to the letter."

END

At Stratford-On-Avon a Festival of Festivals

(*Continued from page 20*)

work which he did for the theatre, and yet it is probable that tales of his idiosyncrasies will live even longer, for such is the way in this world.

Many stories are told concerning his extraordinary love of athletics and outdoor pleasures, but none so amusing as his two mistimed river visits. It was his custom to steal a dip in the river during the intervals of performances, but one day he stayed away too long, with the result that Hamlet appeared on the stage in dripping pants! Another night, during a performance of *The Winter's Tale*, he had a particularly long wait and so he slipped a jacket and grey flannels over his Grecian costume and took a boat out on the river. He returned just in time for his cue, and, throwing off his jacket, he hurried on to the stage, quite oblivious of the fact that he was still wearing grey flannels!

As in Benson's Day, so in our own, the annual Birthday Celebrations, on April 23, are something not to be missed. Representatives of many nations, and people of all stations of life, walk in procession to Holy Trinity Church to do homage at the tomb of the Bard. Anyone may join this august procession, the only condition being that they shall carry flowers—a bunch of buttercups will suffice. Then comes the ceremony of the Flags of the Nations, when as many as eighty different flags are unfurled to grace the streets of Stratford.

Nineteen hundred and fifty-one is a very special year for Stratford, for Shakespeare's town will be playing a very important part in the Festival of Britain. This little town of only 14,600 inhabitants will most likely be "first stop after London" for a very large percentage of our overseas visitors. Immediately after this was realized, wild and fantastic rumours began to circulate—there was going to be a new theatre—a replica of the old Globe Theatre would be erected in the fields by the Avon—and so on. Now the time for rumours is over. The theatre has been given a new dress, and it has been enlarged so that it will seat 1,400 people—even so, there may still be the long nocturnal queues for tickets.

This may well be the greatest season Stratford has ever known, a festival of festivals. The famous Shakespeare Festival Company, led by Michael Redgrave and Anthony Quayle, are presenting "A Cycle of the Historical Plays—*The Life and Death of King Richard II*, *King Henry IV* (*Part One*), *King Henry IV* (*Part Two*), and *King Henry V*; and *The Tempest*." How appropriate it is that we shall once again hear Norfolk say:

"The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is spotless reputation; that away
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay."

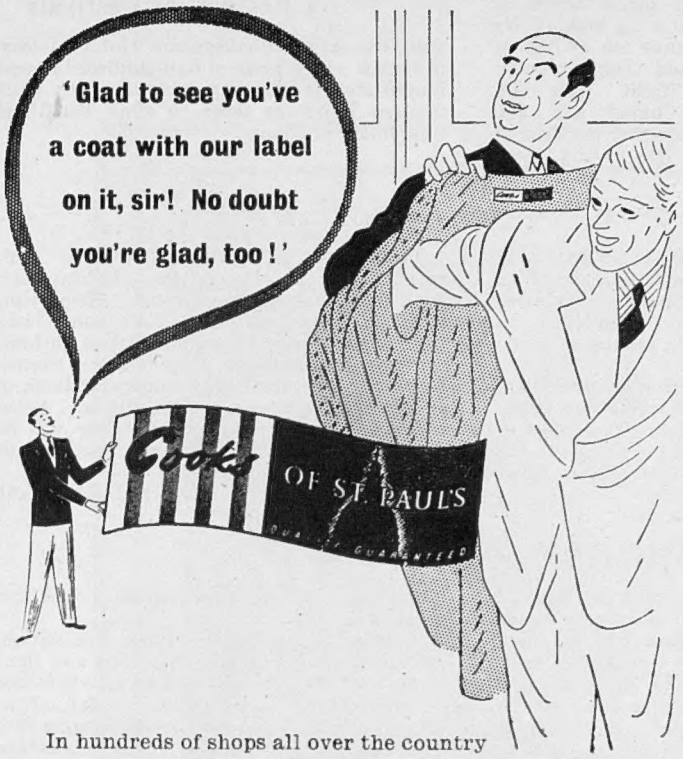
However, Shakespeare and the theatre is not the whole of Stratford. It has often been hinted that the people of Stratford are, in one way and another, so "bound up" in Shakespeare that they are interested in nothing else. This is not quite true. Recently there has been a musical awakening. More and more concerts and recitals have been planned, including three important Festival of Britain orchestral concerts, and it is suggested that Stratford, with its ideally suited Town Hall, may become a centre of chamber music for the Midlands.

The English Folk Dance and Song Society has found a summer resort on the banks of Stratford's Avon, and for two weeks in the height of summer (this year commencing August 4) the Bancroft Gardens become the scene of a traditional form of merry-making. The spectacle of lights reflecting in the happy river and bright coloured dressses whirling round the Maypole to the time of gay, catchy music leaves little to be desired; nor does the good humour of the people of all "ranks" from the mayor to the poorest child, who throw themselves wholeheartedly into the fun of folk dancing.

Essentially, Stratford has always been a market town, serving the farming land which surrounds her. The weekly market dates back to 1196, when Bishop John of Coutance secured the necessary grant for the town; and the annual Mop Fair, which is held in the streets, is a descendant of the three-day fair allowed by King John in 1214.

Quite naturally, the thousands of tourists who come to Stratford every year, come to see the "shrines" of William Shakespeare, but the more perceptive ones find, also, many points of interest in the old town itself. The luckiest of Stratford's visitors are those who are able to come and see her when she is quiet and peaceful, when the ancient market town atmosphere is dominant. Surely, it is ideal to come when the first breath of spring is in the air, or when autumn is shaking hands with winter. Then, to choose a sunny day to visit the poet's birthplace and to go over the fields to charming Anne Hathaway's Cottage, where young Shakespeare wooed "not wisely, but too well."

Back in the town, (*Continued on page 76*)



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the elegant church, poised by the waterside, is famous for the fifteenth-century font where the poet was baptized, and the chancel gravestone bearing the inscription:

Good frend for Iesvs sake forbeare,
To digg the dvst encloased heare;
Blese be ye man yt spares thes stones
And cvrst be he yt moves my bones.

It is a pity, though, that so many visitors hurry away without noticing how beautiful is the church itself.

If you want to see the nicest street in Shakespeare's town when it is looking its best, I suggest that you have tea at one of the genuinely old cafés, and then, at dusk, wander along Church Street, past the thirteenth-century Gild Chapel and the Grammar School, New Place, the remains of Shakespeare's last home; The Falcon, Harvard House, the Shakespeare Hotel—a feast of names and a feast of half-timbered houses illuminated in glory at eventide when more modern buildings seem to slink back and hide in the shadows.

END

At Stratford-On-Avon a Festival of Festivals

Did You Know?

(*Continued from page 36*)

resist loading up with food to bring home from a Continental holiday, but watch your step about those tempting joints in the butchers' shop. Uncooked meat is *verboten* at the customs shed, though for some reason you may bring home a cooked ham. Otherwise you are within the law if you return with half a pound of tobacco, a half bottle of spirits, which includes liqueurs, and up to a bottle of wine. These quantities are duty free. If you have brought nylons you will be expected to pay duty. If the price of the stockings is about a pound—it invariably is in France, though some Continental countries charge less, though not much—you may reckon to pay six and eightpence to eight and tenpence at the customs on every pair.

On the other hand, customs officers are reasonable people if you are frank with them, and most seasoned travellers find it pays to declare purchases and depend upon the leniency of the officer who invariably takes a kinder view of such honesty.

Train passengers are apt to lose their nerve when the train attendant disappears with passports at the frontier. Keep your head on these occasions. They come back though there may be an interval of an hour or two. Similarly on long-distance French trains the attendant may take your book of tickets and disappear with them. Again there is no need for concern. They will be returned to you before you reach your destination.

MURIEL SEGAL

Foundations Of Summer

(*Continued from page 47*)

and tested ones. The choice is still between three main groups. First there is the tan make-up which gives the effect of a Riviera tan without having to go farther than the front door to get it. This is a boon to town dwellers who have the opportunity of sun worshipping only on an occasional week-end in the country. In liquid or cream form to suit all skin types, any degree of tan can be assumed at a moment's notice.

Secondly, there are the sun-screen foundations which protect the skin and prevent sun tanning while offering a good powder base. These foundations are useful for women with ultra-sensitive skins which never brown anyway, or for those who cherish their milk and roses even in a heat wave.

Finally, there are the sun filter foundations which hasten and promote the tanning process, besides acting as a make-up base. An invaluable addition to this group is a new tinted tanning lotion which effectively speeds up the tanning process, but has the great advantage of imparting a natural golden bronze finish to the skin while doing so. It can be used on all parts of the body, so that it will prove particularly welcome during the first few days of the holiday when sun-starved limbs can look so starkly pale. Not the least of its virtues is that the lotion contains special emollient ingredients so that it can be safely used as a sun lotion or as a foundation for the most sensitive and sun dried skins.

Another new lotion type foundation, emollient enough to suit dry skins and light enough for oily skins, makes an excellent hot weather base for most complexions, dry, oily or half-and-half. It has all the advantages of a cream foundation, without the disadvantage of looking greasy on the face. It contains special protective and nourishing properties and yet gives a perfect pearly-matt finish to the complexion. A dusting of powder on top and the result is a perfect natural-looking make-up that is particularly suitable in summertime.

END

Tan For A Tonic

(*Continued from page 46*)

during the hot weather, think twice before plunging into prolonged sunbathing sessions.

Heliophobes should be content with the sun as it filters through the trees or through a sun awning, and if they never achieve an enviable and fashionable tan, what matter? A brown skin is not the only bequest of sunshine.

One of the greatest benefits of the sun is the spontaneous creation of vitamin D, The presence of this vitamin is vital to physical and mental health and is responsible for a lot of factors, including a cheerful frame of mind. That is why it is so easy to be content to lie with the sun on one's eyelids.

END

Books

(*Continued from page 32*)

everything relevant—in an intimate, helpful way.

IN the past century the Art of Woman was to display herself on beaches in a "sodden mess-up" of braid-trimmed swimming costumes and heavy pantaloons with frills, flounces, tucks, fringes, sashes, even coal-scuttle straw hats with pompons and ribbon bows which must have made bathing a burden. Ruth Manning-Sanders gets some fun out of the hideous vogue in **"Seaside England"** (Batsford, 15s.), a brightly-written history of holiday habits with a mass of old prints, photographs, and colour-plates of resorts and seasiders, most incredibly quaint.

WHEN a novelist sets out to present the whole life of a cleric, from curate to Cardinal, as "a gifted but very human priest fulfilling his destiny as a consecrated mediator between God and man," 600 pages are not necessarily too many. Others besides Catholics will, I think, read Henry Morton Robinson's **"The Cardinal"** (Macdonald, 12s. 6d.) with absorption, for it is a remarkable achievement revealing close knowledge of Boston Archdiocesan and Vatican life.

AN abnormal child with a cruel streak and tragic sub-personality is Hilda Lewis' key character in **"No Mate No Comrade"** (Macdonald, 9s. 6d.). Lucy hates her nanny; she hates the nurse who tends her dying mother, stays on as governess, becomes her father's mistress, then his wife, and has a son. As Lucy grows up this hatred erupts in a phantasmagoria of crime which lands her in a trial for strangling the boy and eventually destroys her. I sat reading this powerful, poignant, psychological study till 2 a.m. It deserves to be a best-seller.

I AM astonished that so vintage a novelist as Robert Hichens never saw, to the end, the unreality of making characters talk formal monologues a page long, especially as he also wrote natural spirited dialogue. **"The Mask"** (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.) is a sound 360-page story of a diplomat's wife with a consuming ambition which complicates her life and ruins her happiness. The background is cosmopolitan: England, Paris, Rome, Switzerland; the characterization sure in its *savoir faire* detail and specialized appeal to women.

NOVELS by famous actresses are not inevitably box office in theme, but Ruth Chatterton's **"Homeward Borne"** (Harrap, 10s. 6d.) could hardly help being filmed, for it has strong emotional stress in its portrayal of a U.S. mother torn between husband and son and a difficult Jewish boy refugee whom she adopted while the husband was serving in Germany.

DISTINCTIVE, in a different way, are Margery Lawrence's six: **"Cardboard Castle"** (Hale, 9s. 6d.). The title one concerns a tame little spinster of forty-two who inherits a legacy, goes to Italy, falls for a gigolo band fiddler, marries him in haste, and repents at leisure. The others have similarly well-told if less well-worn themes.

A TROPICAL romance of a Caribbean island in the bad slave days is Joseph Cabot's **"Golden Gates"** (Museum Press, 9s. 6d.), in which the Governor's wife falls for her slave-owning cousin, the Governor himself for an adventuress who runs a gaming-house. A massacre of slaves outside his house, engineered by the slaver, makes the climax of a colourful story.

OTHER books of varied interests. **"Red Sky at Night,"** by Ronald Matthews (Hollis & Carter, 9s. 6d.). **"Love at Second Sight,"** and **"Tenterhooks,"** are two more additions to the new edition of Ada Leverson's novels (Chapman & Hall, 7s. 6d.). **"Your Holiday in France,"** by Gordon Cooper (Alvin Redman, 8s. 6d.). **"Travel and Holiday Guide—The British Isles"** (the *Sunday Times*, 10s.). **"Arden and Avon,"** by S. P. B. Mais, with numerous illustrations by Robert Maynard (Christopher Johnson, 15s.). **"A Bunch of Blue Ribbons,"** an anthology by M. M. Johnson (Skeffington, 8s. 6d.). **"Pieter Bruegel,"** by Trenchard Cox, and **"Rubens,"** by Anthony Bertram, are two additions to the Faber Gallery (Faber & Faber, 8s. 6d.). **"Some Nineteenth Century Gardeners,"** by Geoffrey Taylor (Skeffington, 9s. 6d.). **"Entertaining at Home,"** by Philip and Katharine Harben (The Bodley Head, 8s. 6d.). Addressed to the host and hostess who do their own cooking for themselves and for their guests.

1.6.51

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